

Richard, Blackett Ichyll

THE
LIVES
AND
AMOURS
OF
QUEENS
AND
ROYAL MISTRESSES.

WITH
Some INTRIGUES of POPES.

Extracted from the HISTORIES of *England,*
France, Turkey, Spain and Italy.

Amor omnibus idem.

LONDON:
Printed in the Year M^oCCXXVI.



THE
LIVES

AND
A MEMOIR

OF
THE EARL

AND
ROYAL MISTRESS

WITH
SOME ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE
LIVES OF THE EARL

AND HIS WIFE
BY
JAMES O'BRYEN

LONDON
Printed by the York Press



The Preface.

ledge in its Favour, would not be able to prevent its Sentence.

The Five following HISTORIES are fill'd with Events, which being all grounded on Truth, have nothing of the Mirabile, or Wonderful, so frequently met with in Romances. The Facts herein set down are all indisputably true, and founded on authentick Testimonies. Those who are vers'd in Antiquity cannot but know, that John, King of England, was violent, cruel, and unjust; Chilperic, unnatural, and therefore call'd by Gregory de Tours, The Nero of his Time; Soliman, Emperor of the Turks, brave, but froward and cruel; and Don Pedro, King of Spain, beyond Expression barbarous: Neither can they be ignorant, that Isabella, the Count of Angoulesme's Daughter, afterwards Queen of England, was a perfect Pattern of Patience, Conjugal Duty
and

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and Virtue ; Fredegund, haughty, and like her Husband, cruel ; Roxelana an ambitious and detestable Step-Mother ; Maria de Padilla a malicious Coquet, and Marozia a Prodigy of Infamy that no Age can ever parallel. The History of Marozia, I know, ought to have preceded others ; but as there is no Connection in the several following Adventures, I did not think an exact Observation of Time so absolutely necessary.

Thus far have I given a succinct Account of those several Persons that compose the subsequent Histories ; wherein is contained an Inventory of such Crimes, as I believe could scarce before have been credited.

Precepts may indeed faintly deter the Mind from Vice, but nothing can have so great a Prevalence over it as Example ; and especially those of such, whose
Mis-

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Misfortune or Happiness are not the Labour of fictitious Imagination only, but genuine and undeniable. 'Tis with this View I have endeavour'd to draw the following Characters in their true Colours, the more effectually to enforce a laudable Emulation of some, and just Abhorrence of others, and have been equally careful thro' the whole to avoid any immodest Expression or indecent Innuendo. As Love, when influenc'd by Virtue, and guided by Reason, is the very Basis of Human Society, and the Source of all Earthly Happiness, the Reader may observe that I have also intended to recommend that Purity of Sentiments, which glides thro' the whole Piece; and that the rather, as a continual Repetition of such Enormities, as are herein mentioned, unmix'd with Gallantry, would have fill'd his Imagination with too shocking and horrid Ideas. I own the Lovers do not every where

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where prove happy ; but had I alter'd their Catastrophe, I had deviated from Truth, which was not my Design. However, tho' their Misfortunes are great, their Examples are glorious ; and Virtue, tho' oppress'd and tyranniz'd o'er on Earth, will certainly meet with its due Reward in Heaven.

I now take leave of my Reader, wishing him as much Pleasure in the Perusal of it, as I had Trouble in the compiling.



The Preface.

Before I begin, I must say that I am not a
philosopher, I am a student of philosophy.
I have not the time or the inclination to
write a treatise on the history of philosophy.
I have only the time and inclination to
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ISABEL,

Queen of *England*, under King JOHN.



WHEN Love strongly unites two
 virtuous Hearts, Fortune generally
 takes Pleasure in molesting their
 mutual Happiness. Passions, that
 have Reason and Virtue for their
 Guide, seem to deserve her Smiles,
 but, alas! are the most often ex-
 pos'd to her Severity. History furnishes us with a thou-
 sand Instances of this kind; there we meet with Princes,
 who alledging the indisputable Pretensions of a sove-
 reign Authority, tyrannically incroach upon a Subject's
 Prerogative in the Possession of some Fair one's Heart;
 and 'tis a general and true Observation, that Men of
 what Rank soever no sooner abandon themselves to
 Vice, but their first and chief Study is to satisfy their
 unruly Appetites, and they acknowledge no other Laws
 but those of their own boundless Will.

The Unhappy Change in the Fortune of *Hugh Earl*
 of *March*, is a convincing Proof of that Maxim. This
 young Prince was the greatest Ornament of the Court
 of *France*. His Person was extremely graceful, his Be-

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haviour

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haviour and Conduct agreeable to the Dignity of his Birth, and if his Inclination had a natural Tendency to Love, it was, however, in such a manner, as not to offend the nicest Virtue. Scarce was he arrived to Years of Discretion, but his tender Heart paid Homage to the Charms of *Isabel* (Daughter to *Aymar* Count of *Angoulesme*, and *Alix* of *Courtenay*) who was then look'd upon as the greatest Beauty of her Age. The Number of her Adorers daily increas'd with her prodigious Charms, but *Hugh* alone had the Happiness of Pleasing. The Princess endeavour'd, for a considerable time, to combat her Inclinations, but Love at length prov'd Conqueror, and would not suffer her longer to refuse the Prince a Heart which his Merit and other good Qualities render'd him alone worthy of.

The Earl's Family, who perceived this growing Passion, far from opposing its Progress, mentioned it to the Count; who being sensible of this Earl's Merit, and the Advantages that would accrue to him from this Match, received the Proposals with the greatest Pleasure. The fair *Isabel* easily consented to a thing so agreeable to her Wishes, the King of *France* gave his Royal Approbation, and their respective Friends, unwilling to delay their Happiness, soon pass'd the necessary Contracts, and fix'd a Day for the Solemnization of the Nuptials.

Among her undistinguish'd Lovers was * *John* King of *England*, surnam'd *sans Terre*, Son to *Henry* II, and Brother to the late King *Richard*, who after having unjustly usurp'd the Crown from his Nephew *Arthur* Duke of *Bretagne*, came to *France*, where he saw and fell in Love with *Isabel*, notwithstanding his late Marriage with † *Avise*, the Duke of *Gloucester's* Daughter.

* Du Chesne Hist. Angl.

† Salmon's Chron. Hist.

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The Time appointed for the Nuptials drawing near, several Foreign Princes were invited to the Ceremony, among whom was the King of *England*. *John*, who had hitherto concealed his Passion thro' Policy, could not see himself on the point of losing his beloved *Isabel*, without feeling all the Horrors of Despair and Jealousy. His Rage immediately suggested to him a thousand fatal Resolutions, which at length ended in that of making himself Master of the Princess at any Rate whatsoever.

* Historians agree that *John* was naturally faithless, violent, and cruel; in Adversity dejected, in Prosperity insolent. Rais'd from the most distant Hopes to the Possession of a Crown, which of right belong'd to his Nephew *Arthur*, he thought the Regal Dignity a sufficient Fence against Divine or Humane Vengeance. Tho' he naturally lov'd Ease, yet he did not want for Courage; but it was such as rather deserv'd the Name of Fierceness and Brutality. In short, his chief Delight was to commit Acts of Barbarity, or unjustly deprive others of their most lawful Rights.

With these Dispositions, and a firm Resolution of satisfying his unjust Desires, he repair'd to *Paris*, where Preparations were making for the intended Ceremony. In the mean time, the Earl of *March*, impatient for his Happiness, devoted all his Hours to his beautiful *Isabel*, while *John*, to whom she every Day appeared more charming, strengthen'd himself in his impious Resolution.

† Having taken all proper Measures for the Execution and Success of his Design, at dead of Night, he order'd his Attendants to break into the Count of *Angoulesme's* House, where meeting with small Opposition, from a Family that did not dream of so bare-fac'd an

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Attempt,

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Attempt, they brought away the Princess and her Maid. Her Surprize and Grief at so unexpected an Adventure can better be imagin'd than express'd. In vain she call'd on Heaven, her Father, and her Lover; in vain she strove, with Prayers and Promises, to move her Ravishers; the inexorable Villains only laugh'd at her Grief, and hurried her away with the greatest Swiftnefs.

But her Despair increased, when after having travell'd all that Night and part of the next Day, she at length saw herself on the Sea-shore, and perceiv'd the King of *England* giving Orders for their speedy Departure. "What do I see (cry'd the afflicted Princess)? Are you, " Sir, the guilty Ravisher of *Isabel*? Alas! What had " I done to merit this Barbarity? And what, Oh! " what could induce you to offend the Majesty of a " Prince, who will not tamely bear so flagrant an In- " justice? Go, Sir, enjoy the Fruits of your Usurpati- " ons at Home, and do not tempt the Almighty's Ju- " stice by so impious a Violation of his most Sacred " Laws". Here the Violence of her Grief threw her into a Swoun, from which she did not recover till after the Ship reach'd the *English* Shore.

But while *Isabel* was landing with her Ravishers, her Absence, and the Cause of it, had spread an universal Consternation at the Court of *France*. Her Parents, touch'd in so nice a Point, gave loose to an unbounded Grief. But nothing ever equall'd the Earl's Distraction: Deprived of the dearest Object of his Wishes, and when he thought his Happiness beyond the Reach of Fate; Words are too weak to express the Pangs and agonizing Tortures of his Soul. In short, after a thousand fruitless Curses on the Author of his fatal Disappointment, and horrid Vows of the most dire Revenge, he threw himself, with his Friends, at King *Philip's* Feet, and implor'd Justice against the insolent

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insolent Ravisher of his betroth'd *Isabel*, alledging,
* *That he was unworthy to be a King, who had thus injur'd him, and was ready to do the like by any of his Majesty's Subjects.*

Philip, whose Majesty and Glory were particularly concerned in this open Violation of the Sacred Laws of Empire, faithfully promis'd them all imaginable Assistance for the Redress of so flagrant an Enormity, and there were few Persons of Distinction but what interested themselves in so just a Cause.

The first Step King *Philip* took to put his Designs in Execution, was to send for Prince *Arthur*, who was then at his Court, whose Homage he received, after having first knighted him, for *Bretagne, Normandy, Anjou, Poictou, Tourain* and *Maine*: After which he gave him the Command of a numerous Army, with Orders to march directly towards *Poictou*. The Prince in his Expedition was followed by the Earl of *March*, and his Friends; and understanding that the old Queen *Eleanor*, his Uncle *John's* Mother, was in *Mirabel*, † he immediately invested that Place, which being but a weak Garrison, very soon surrender'd, and the Dowager Queen of *England* retir'd into the Castle, where she resolved to defend herself till her Son *John* came to her Relief.

While these Things were transacting abroad, *John* was at *London* with the Princess *Isabel*, whose Beauty, notwithstanding her continual Grief, was universally admir'd. The King, who with Uneasiness perceived her Sorrow, omitted nothing which he thought capable of diverting it: He order'd her an Apartment in one of his most magnificent Palaces, and by a forc'd Complacency, and an affected Submission, endeavour'd to remove the Cause of her profound Melancholy. His next
Care

* Echard.

† Mat. Paris. Echard, Pol. Virg.

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Care was to be publickly divorc'd from his Wife * *Avise*, who, pleas'd to think she should no longer live under the Subjection of a Man that never lov'd her, and whom she mortally hated, very willingly resigned her Title to the Crown.

† *Geoffrey*, Archbishop of *Tork*, looking on this unjust Divorce, as contrary to Religion and Christianity, thought it a Duty incumbent on his Function to dissuade his Master from so illegal a Design. But all his Remonstrances had no Effect on the obstinate King. *John* pretended, that his Consanguinity with *Avise* troubled his Conscience, and that before God and Man he could not longer cohabit with a Woman, whom he knew to be so nearly related to him. The good Archbishop easily eluded these weak Pretences; but *John*, who only sought a blind Obedience to his Will, sternly order'd the Prelate to retire, and obstinately pursued his impious Resolution.

No sooner had he brought it to pass, but he openly persecuted the Princess *Angoulesme*. In vain she represented to him her indissoluble Engagement with the Earl of *March*, the impending Vengeance of an offended King, and the Crime he would commit before God, by forcing another's Wife by Contract to his Bed. Her Beauty, which was heightened by Grief, did but the more inflame the King, who having now laid aside all his former Deference and Respect, only listen'd to the impious Dictates of his brutal Appetite.

Isabel, who perceived the gathering Storm, knew not what Course to take in so perplexing a Dilemma. The Earl of *March* was a thousand times dearer to her than her Life, and she saw herself under the curs'd Necessity of violating her Faith to him, or complying with the King's odious Passion; of becoming a Monarch's

law.

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lawful Wife, and thereby losing all Hopes of her dear Earl, or of being forc'd to Infamy and Shame, a Thought more shocking to her than Death itself. The good Archbishop of *York* endeavour'd to assuage her Grief, by representing to her, that seeing she was no longer Mistress of her Will, the Earl of *March* could not in Justice tax her of Inconstancy, and that all the World, far from blaming, would pity her. While he was yet speaking, the King furlily enter'd the Room. His Grace immediately retir'd; and *John* addressing himself to the Princess, *Well, Madam*, said he, *how much longer must I wait your Pleasure? Or are you willing to exhaust my Patience? Did you but know the Violence I have done myself, the Pangs I have suffer'd in this long Delay, cold as it is, your Heart perhaps would pity me. But since I find you laugh at my Submission, since my Respect and Deference to your Wishes do but increase your Hate, my Power and Authority shall do me Justice; To-day is yours, To-morrow shall be mine; and the next Sun shall shine upon our Nuptials, or your Shame.*

This unexpected Menace, and the Air with which it was spoke, had its desired Effect: The Princess shock'd at the Thought of her approaching Misery, fell in the Arms of her Attendant, without Sense or Motion. A Sight of this Nature must of course have mov'd a Heart sincerely touch'd with Love; but *John*, who only lusted for Enjoyment, saw it without the least Emotion. However, her Woman soon brought her to herself, when raising her dying Eyes on the cursed Author of her Misery; "Monster, (she cry'd) your Cru-
" elty at length has found a Way to reach me; but sure
" your conscious Soul should dread the Hand that gives
" itself with Horror. You know how much I love
" the Earl of *March*, and Heaven's my Witness, that
" I

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" I ever shall ; torture me, tear me, hew me into
 " pieces ; nay, what is worse, drag me to the guilty
 " Altar, and there force me to a Confession which my
 " Heart will disavow with Horror, still I shall look on
 " him as my only lawful Husband ; and the same Breath
 " that gives me to thy Arms, shall pray for him, and
 " turn for thee to Curses ". Here her Rage gave way
 to a Shower of Tears, and throwing herself at the Ty-
 rant's Feet, " Oh ! Sir, (continued the Princess) for
 " Heaven's sake spare me the curs'd Necessity of hating
 " you for ever ; but by a glorious Conquest over your
 " Passions, be truly Great, and teach me to admire
 " your Virtue ".----- *Madam, (reply'd the obsequious*
King) 'tis unjust to tax me with a Crime which you
alone are the Cause of ; were you less charming, your
Prayers and Threats might be of greater Force ; but
you have fired my Soul to that degree, I cannot live
without you ; No ; were you arm'd with Thunder or
Infection, clasp'd in those Arms, I'd meet my Doom
with Pleasure. To raise you to my Bed and Throne,
I have divorced a Wife, and all my Recompence is
Hatred and Disdain ; but since you prove inflexible
to all, I'll force the Blessing which your Scorn denies
me. Once more I repeat it, To-day is yours, To-morrow
shall be mine ; and the next Sun shall view you Queen
of England, or see you plung'd in everlasting Igno-
miny.----- *John* would not wait for a Reply, but leaving
 the Princess to her own Reflection, abruptly left the
 Room. He was no sooner gone, but she gave a loose
 to her Distraction : " Alas ! (said she, addressing her-
 self to *Diana*, the Attendant that had been brought
 with her from *France*) " What will become of the un-
 " fortunate *Isabel* ? Must I betray my Vows to my
 " Dear Earl, and give myself to a Tyrant I detest ?
 " To-morrow, *Diana*, the furious King must call thy
 " Mistress

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“ *Mistress Wife*, or load her with eternal Infamy. Oh!
“ why has Heaven impos’d the cruel Law of Life
“ when grown a Burthen ?--- Here *Diana* interrupted
the Princess, telling her that her Virtue ought to be superior to her Misfortunes, and conjuring her to summon all her Courage to her Aid in this fatal Occasion, she advis’d her to employ the few remaining Hours of her Virgin-State, in endeavouring to justify herself to the Earl, who might, perhaps, upon the first News of Marriage, give way to unjust Suspicions of her Constancy. The Princess very readily came into *Diana’s* Opinion, and wrote to the Earl in the following manner :

Isabel of Angoulesme to the Earl of March.

My LORD,

“ ’TIS not to move you to Pity, that I hereby inform you of my unhappy Condition. Notwithstanding the fatal Necessity I am under of marrying the King of *England*, my invincible Aversion to the Tyrant, and all my Endeavours to elude his curs’d Designs upon my Freedom, I cannot but think my self criminal ; but should I fail in what I owe my self and you, it would perhaps revenge you more, than your Generosity would permit you to wish. Had the Tyrant only threatned me with common Torments, I had submitted with Intrepidity, and perhaps suffer’d them without Weakness ; but, Oh ! he pitch’d on one, which would not only have depriv’d me of your Love, but even render’d me unworthy of your Esteem. Think not, *my Lord*, the Tyrant’s Regal Diadem conceals his Crimes from *Isabel*, or that the Crown of *England* has any Charms for me : No, I’ve a Soul that scorns to purchase Grandeur at the Price of Sin ; and Royalty with Guilt is more

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“ contemptible by far in my Eyes, than the most ab-
 “ ject State with Innocence ; do not therefore blame
 “ me, *my Lord* ; and in your just Resentments pity my
 “ Distress ; I cannot long survive the Weight of my
 “ Misfortunes. When I am dead, Oh ! spare my Me-
 “ mory, and be assur’d that whatever Fortune ordains
 “ for me, nothing shall ever deprive you of a Heart
 “ that was inviolably yours, as you alone deserved it.

The Princess having ended the Letter, tho’ not with-
 out frequent Interruptions of Tears, gave it to *Diana*,
 who found Means to send it privately away to *France*.
 She spent the Night with all the Horror of a despairing
 Wretch ; while *John*, impatient for his Happiness,
 thought every Hour that deferr’d it an Age. At length
 the fatal Morning appear’d, and the King hasten’d to
 the Princess’s Apartment, where finding her still averse
 to his Desires, he gave a loose to his Fury, and would
 that Instant have executed his impious Purpose ; but
 the Princess stopping him, “ Come Tyrant, said she,
 “ lead me to the Altar, and there receive a Hand that
 “ ne’er was destin’d for thee ; but never expect any
 “ thing from a Heart that’s fix’d beyond the Power of
 “ Fate to alter”. The King, without making her any
 Reply, led her to a Chappel in the Palace, where the
 Nuptial Rights were perform’d with the profoundest
 Silence. Condemn’d Criminals, distracted with Re-
 flection of their approaching Fate, ascend with less Re-
 luctancy the Scaffold, than *Isabel* did the Throne of
England. Insensible to every Mark of Honour, and
 wild with the Thought of sure, irreparable Woe, her
 Distraction had incited her to some rash desperate Deed,
 but for the Archbishop of *York*, whose pious Remon-
 strances in some measure calm’d the Violence of her
 Grief, and recall’d her fleeting Reason. In the mean
 time

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time *John*, whose Passion had all the *Fire* of burning *Lust* without the *Nicety* of *Love*, luxuriously revell'd o'er the Charms of his afflicted Queen. But his Bliss was soon dash'd, by unexpected Dispatches from his Mother, who informed him of her Retreat in the Castle of *Mirabel*, and urg'd his speedy Departure to her Assistance. His Uneasiness soon appeared in his gloomy Looks, and *Isabel* perceived it without deigning to enquire the Cause; which fresh Marks of Indifference gave him the most exquisite Torments. *Tho' Heaven has made us one* (said the incens'd King) *I find our Thoughts are very distant; and 'twill be no unwelcome News to you to hear that the Queen my Mother has been obliged to retire into the Castle of Mirabel; that the impious Arthur, aided by your Friends, has made himself Master of the Town, and that I have order'd the necessary Preparations to go in Person and stop the Progress of their Arms, or bravely fall in the Defence of my Right. Should Fortune frown on my Design, your Vengeance then would be compleat; and my Defeat and Death as welcome News, as their united Efforts to effect it.*---- "I'm so us'd to your Cruelty and Injustice (reply'd the Queen) that I do not wonder at this fresh Instance of it. But since such base Suspicions of my Virtue speak a Desire of prying into the Secrets of my Soul, be satisfy'd, I shall not offer Vows for their Success, nor dare I against yours. Duty forbids the Dictates of-----". *Your Wishes, proud, ungrateful Woman* (interrupted the King) *but Heaven, I hope, that knows the Justice of my Cause, will fight for me, and baffle their Endeavours.* "Then go (reply'd the Queen)-----succeed or fall-----be Conqueror or conquer'd----I must be still unhappy!" But if the Victory prove yours, at least learn Mercy from that Heaven you trust in, and shew less Inhu-

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“ manity to the unhappy Captives Fate may make
 “ you Master of, than you have done to me”. Stung
 to the Soul with so just unanswerable a Reproach, the
 exasperated King left the Room without taking further
 Leave of the Queen, and giving the necessary Orders
 for his Departure, went the next Day to head his Forces,
 which, with a numerous Fleet and favourable Wind,
 soon set sail for *France*.

Let us now return to the unhappy Earl whom we
 left in all the Pangs and Agonies of disappointed Love.
 By this time he had received the Queen of *England's*
 Letter, and every thing that can be conceiv'd of Horror,
 Rage, Despair and Jealousy, took Possession of his Soul;
 wild with revolving Thoughts of his past Bliss, with
 certain, curs'd, irremediable Woe, his Frenzy had been
 attended with fatal Consequences, had not his Bosom-
 Friend and Brother, the Count *D'Eu*, who never left
 him, often prevented its Effects. “ Oh! I presag'd it
 “ well (cry'd the distracted Earl) whene'er my ravish'd
 “ Eyes gaz'd on my promis'd Bliss, my fair, my lovely
 “ *Isabel*, I thought the Blessing was too great for Man,
 “ But no, she's now another's, and all my Hopes of
 “ Happiness in her are lost for ever! Why then am I
 “ thus forc'd to drag a wretched Life, or groan beneath
 “ this mighty Load of Curses”. In those Moments
 he would again peruse the Letter, the curs'd deciding
 Sentence of his Doom; wherein he discovers such a
 blended Mixture of Tenderness and Virtue as hush'd
 his Rage, and sunk it to a Calm. After having long
 sigh'd his Grief in the Bosom of his Brother, he re-
 solved to answer the Queen, which he did in the fol-
 lowing manner:

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The Earl of March to the Queen of England.

M A D A M,

" THO' plung'd in Woe, a Prey to all the Horrors,
" all the grinding Pangs of disappointed Transports,
" of Rage, Despair, and Jealousy; such as are too,
" too mighty for Expression, or Thought, unknowing
" them, can e'er conceive; yet, Oh! believe me, full
" as it was, my Heart ne'er harbour'd ought injurious
" to your Virtue: No, my Complaints are limited to
" Fate, to that curs'd Fate, that, e'er the Morning-
" Dawn that was to rise upon our Happiness, set mighty
" Seas betwixt our divided Loves, and only laid a Hea-
" ven of Bliss in view, to make my Fall to Hell the
" more tormenting and precipitate. Now you are lost;
" for ever lost to me! the Hand that once was destin'd
" for your Majesty, should nobly free me from the Soul-
" rending Tortures of that accurs'd Disappointment,
" did not the Cause of *Isabel*, and Glory, call me to
" Arms and Vengeance on her Ravisher. But whither
" does my Distraction hurry me? Forgive the fond de-
" lusive Transports of a Soul that flies with Horror
" from the Thoughts, the curs'd tormenting Thoughts
" of your being in the Power of a Tyrant, and sepa-
" rated for ever from your once happy Earl. No,
" Madam, now you are Queen of *England*, Wife to
" *John*, fearful of offending you, my Love shall force
" me to renounce my Vengeance; and if in the Course of
" War he chance to meet my Arms, the Title of your
" Husband shall shield him from my just Resentment;
" for as I only liv'd for you, I had rather die than give
" you cause to hate me. But when I think it past the
" Power of Fate to aggravate my Woe, you, Madam,
" the dear, the lovely Cause of it, by cruel Threats of
" Death,

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“ Death, wound me beyond Expression; your Tyrant
 “ Husband’s Cruelty, compar’d to yours, is Balsam.
 “ Oh ! *Isabel*, live, and, if possible, live happy; and
 “ if a kind endearing Thought of me will sometimes
 “ forcibly intrude, and prove an Hindrance to your fu-
 “ ture Peace, tho’ to consent to it be worse than Hell,
 “ endeavour to forget, to hate your once lov’d Earl,
 “ that present Bar to your Felicity; while all the future
 “ Hours of his Life shall be employed in fervent Vows
 “ to Heaven, for that Tranquillity and Peace of Mind
 “ to you, which never, never more, will dwell in him.

The Queen received the Earl’s Letter with a tender-
 ly penetrated Gratitude. “ Read this (said she to
 “ *Diana*) compare this dear, this generous Prince with
 “ him I’ve so much Cause to hate; and judge of what
 “ I’ve lost”. A Shower of Tears followed this Reflec-
 tion; which *Diana*, who sympathiz’d in the Queen’s
 Sorrow, thought too just to blame.

In the mean time * *John*, having a fresh Gale, and
 favourable Wind, soon landed his Forces in *France*,
 and causing them to march with incredible Diligence
 towards *Mirabel*, at length sat down before the Town;
 upon which ensued a bloody Battle between the *French*
 and *English*, which proved highly successful to the last;
 Prince *Arthur*, with several other *French* Knights, be-
 ing taken Prisoners. Soon after this Victory King *John*
 caused him to be sent from *Falaise* to *Rouen* under a
 strong Guard, and with Orders to keep him in the
 closest Custody. † Some Authors have asserted, that
 before he was brought to *Rouen*, most of the Nobility
 of *Bretaign* and *Anjou* appearing zealous in his Cause,
 the King was advis’d to deprive him of his Eyes and
 Genitals, to render him at once unfit for Government
 and

* Mat. Par. Echard.

† Du Chesne. Trivet.

and Procreation ; to which barbarous Advice he consented, but was disappointed by the Agents of this intended Barbarity ; one of whom, to try the Affections of the People, spread abroad, that he died under the Operation, which so exasperated those of *Bretaign* and *Anjou*, that the King apprehending new Disturbances, removed him to a safer Prison at *Rouen*, where, in short, he disappeared, but by what means is yet a Secret to Posterity. However most Authors press hard upon the Memory of *John*, and say, that by his Orders he was privately murder'd ; * others, less charitable, affirm, that *John* came in Person, by Night, to the Castle, where he slew the unfortunate Duke of *Bretaign* with his own Hands, and ordered his Body to be thrown into the *Seine*, thinking thereby to bury in eternal Oblivion, with his Nephew's Body, the Knowledge of so black unnatural an Action.

† The Princess *Constantia*, now married to the Viscount *Thouars*, repaired to *Paris*, and demanded Vengeance of her Son's Death, and *John's* unheard of Barbarity. Upon which King *Philip* cited *John* to appear, as Duke of *Normandy*, before his Peers, to answer this Accusation, and abide their Judgment ; which he failing to perform, was adjudged guilty of Treason and Murder, sentenc'd to Death, and to forfeit all his Dominions on this side the *Loire*.

However, as this Sentence and Condemnation of a crown'd Head could not be executed without the Help of Armies, *Philip* soon after enter'd *Normandy* with a formidable one, where he exercised several Acts of Hostility, and made himself Master of *Falaise*, *Coutance*, *Lizieux*, and *Auranches* : *Rouen* alone held out ; but *Philip* being resolved to reduce it, either by Sword or Famine, the Inhabitants at length capitulated, and

* Salmon's Chron. Hist.

† Mezeray.

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and the Town was surrender'd. * Thus was this rich and fruitful Province restored to *France*, after having been dismembred from it for above 300 Years.

The Loss of this rich Dukedom was a sensible Wound to *John*; but however not daring to oppose himself to the victorious Arms of *Philip*, he return'd to *England*, without having gained the least Advantage. But his Affliction was soon mitigated by the Birth of a Son, of whom the Queen was brought to bed soon after his Arrival.

† The *English* discontented at his late ill Success, and the considerable Loss of *Normandy*, received him but coldly, and even publicly murmur'd; but he, without regard to the General Dissatisfaction of his People, began indifferently to raise new Taxes upon the Nobility, Clergy and Commonalty; but while he thus endeavoured for the Sinews of War, he more and more lost the Bands of Peace, the Hearts of his Subjects. *Philip* taking Advantages of these fresh Disturbances in *England*, soon subdued *Main*, *Tourain* and *Anjou*, and reduced to his Obedience all *Poitou* with the same Rapidity of Conquest.

John, terrify'd at the Progress of his Enemy's Arms, began to rouse from the Lethargy he seem'd buried in, and gathering together great Numbers of Forces, set sail from *England* with a powerful Army, and landed before *Rockelle*, where the Viscounts *Thouars* and *Mellon*, || discontented at King *Philip*, came over to him. With their Assistance he made himself Master of *Angers*, and the strong Castle of *Mont Auban*, which he batter'd fifteen Days. But the Religious Persons of those Parts mediating between the two Kings, they procur'd a two Years Truce, on no very honourable Terms

* Mezeray.

† Salm. Hist. Chron.

|| Mezeray.

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Terms for *John*, who returned to *England*, losing all the Advantage he had gained.

The Queen had lain in a second time, her Aversion for her Husband not being able to prevent the natural Consequences of a Marriage-State. As her Prudence was equal to her Virtue, she carefully endeavoured to conceal her Sorrows from the World; and tho' the Earl of *March* was as innocent as *John* was criminal, her Reason restrained even her most lawful Desires, and she was always in guard against herself.

In the mean time, *John*, that unrelenting Enemy to Peace and Tranquillity, began afresh to persecute and tax the Clergy, who having been in former Reigns exempted from extraordinary Assessments, publicly protested against his tyrannical Usage. The Archbishop of *York*, encourag'd by the Dignity of his Station, laid before the King the fatal Consequences of this way of proceeding. But *John*, without regard to his Remonstrances, sternly order'd him to retire. The Prelate, justly exasperated, solemnly execrated the King's Receivers in his Diocese, and secretly fled out of the Kingdom.

* But this was not his only Quarrel with the Church, the Pope having nominated to the Monks of *Canterbury*, and with his own Hand consecrated Cardinal *Stephen Langtown* for their Archbishop, *John*, informed of the Proceedings, charged the Monks with Treason, and drove them, Sword in Hand, out of the Kingdom, as Criminals of the highest Nature. He afterwards wrote to the Pope, in Terms full of Insolence; which shocking the Pontiff's Pride, occasioned a new Order from his Holiness to the Bishops, to argue with the King, and if they found him still contumacious, to declare that his Kingdom should be interdicted. *John*,

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looking on the Remonstrances of these Prelates as so many Indignities offer'd to his Authority, order'd them to depart his Presence, as they valued their present Safeties. Upon which, the Bishops, after having solemnly interdicted the whole Kingdom, abandon'd the King; which threw him into so great a Rage, that he swore he would send all the Clergy to the Pope, and if he found any *Romans* in his Territories, he would send them also to *Rome*, having first deprived them of their Eyes and Nose, that they might be distinguish'd from those of other Nations.

The Clergy, however, without dreading the King's Threats, faithfully executed the Pontiff's Orders; upon which ensued a general Cessation of Divine Service, while *John*, fearless of the Consequences of this Interdict, and disregarding his Subjects Hatred, gave a loose to his Fury, and proceeded to the most violent Methods, putting the Bishopricks, Abbeys and Priories under the Custody of Laymen, and commanding all the Church-Rents to be confiscated, and their Goods and Treasures seized. In short, such as sided with the King, were suspended by the Pope, and such as obeyed the Pope, deprived by the King.

During these irregular Proceedings, came a new Sentence from *Rome*, for the Excommunication of the King's Person, with strict Injunction for all Men to abandon his Presence. But *John*, not heeding these Effects of his own Rashness, terminated some Difference he had with the King of *Scotland*, and reduced *Wales* and *Ireland*, returning with Triumph to *London*.

* On his Return from *Wales* he was met by two Nuncios from the Pope, who were dispatch'd to *England*, to make Peace between the King and his Ecclesiasticks. *John* consented to the Recall of the pro-

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scribed Bishops; but not making full Satisfaction for the Goods of the Archbishop and Bishops formerly confiscated, the Treaty proved ineffectual, and the Nuncios returned to *France*, having first denounced Excommunication against the King, and absolv'd all his Subjects, high and low, from their Allegiance to him. The Pope, on his Part, enraged at *John's* Obstinacy, solemnly depos'd him from his Kingdom, and wrote to King *Philip* to put his Sentence in Execution, promising to grant him the Remission of his Sins, together with the Kingdom of *England* in perpetual Right, when once he had dethron'd the present Possessor.

Notwithstanding the Extent and Riches of his own Dominions, *Philip* could not help looking on this proposed new Fortune as worthy his Glory: Authoris'd by the Pope, the Prerogatives of Infallibility quieted those Scruples concerning the Justice of this intended Invasion, which Conscience often laid in his Way. *John* was with the whole Kingdom interdicted, and *Philip*, who was always a Slave to his Ambition, endeavoured to perswade himself, that it was no Crime to depose a Prince already excommunicated and disobedient to the *Vicar of Christ*, from a Throne, of which his illegal Proceedings with the People, and insolent Scorn of the Pope's Authority, render'd him unworthy. Being now satisfy'd of the Justice of his Cause, he put himself in a Condition of coming over into *England*; he was sufficiently provided with Money, Forces and Ships. || But being obliged to defend his own Dominions, which the Emperor *Otho*, joined with the Earls of *Flanders* and *Boulogne*, threatned to invade; he gave the Command of this mighty Army to his Son *Lewis*, surnamed *Cœur de Lion*.

|| Mezeray.

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John, frighted at so formidable a Preparation, and seeing so many mortal Enemies abroad to attack him, and so few faithful Friends at home to defend him, resolved to redeem his Safety, and with a bleeding Heart and a Flood of Tears sent to intreat the Pope's Intercession. A Legate was immediately dispatch'd from *Rome* with Proposals of Peace, which was at length concluded between King *John* and his Holiness, on Condition, * That *John* should hold his Crown as a Feudatory of the Church of *Rome*, and pay an annual Pension for the Kingdoms of *England* and *Ireland*. After which the Nuncio hastened to *France* to dissuade *Philip* from his intended Expedition, exhorting him in the Name of God and his Holiness to desist from his Designs against *John*, who was now an obedient and reconciled Son to the Church of *Rome*. But *Philip*, who, like the Pope, regarded *John's* Kingdom more than his Repentance, was highly incens'd at this Proposal, alledging that he had put himself to a vast Expence, and that as he had undertaken the Enterprize by the Pope's Commands, and for the Remissions of his Sins, no new Censures should deter him from it.

The Queen took so little part in any thing that happened, that one would have imagined she was no way interested in it. The Earl of *March* alone employed her Thoughts, and tho' since her Marriage she had imposed on herself the cruel Law of never writing to him, yet she was not often without hearing from him.

John having now, notwithstanding the Murmuring and Disaffection of his People, raised a prodigious number of Forces, resolved to direct the Course of his Arms towards *Guienne*: Before his Departure he went to take his Leave of the Queen, whom tho' he never left without giving her fresh Marks of his Injustice, yet she
still

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still preserved her usual Moderation, which the savage King, tho' in itself an Effect of consummate Virtue and Goodness, condemn'd as Proofs of Hatred and Indifference.

* Prince *Lewis* gained all imaginable Advantage over *John*; but what was a greater Shock to this unhappy King, was the total Defeat of *Otho* and his own Forces, commanded by the Earl of *Salisbury* at the Battle of *Bouynnes*, where *Philip* gained so signal a Victory, that neither the Emperor nor the Earls of *Flanders* and *Boulogne* were even afterwards able to withstand him.

† King *John* seeing his own Weakness, was obliged to ask a Truce, which was granted and agreed on. Upon which he set forwards for *England*; where, after his Arrival, he turn'd his Resentment against his Earls and Barons, and to perform his late Engagements with the Pope, forcibly took from them great part of their Moveables, and so tyrannically oppress'd them, that they openly revolted and took Arms against him. Upon which ensued a War between him and his Nobility, commonly known by the Name of the *Barons War*; a civil Feud, which cost *England* whole Seas of Blood, and was very near being attended with the most fatal Consequences, by bringing an independent free Nation under the Arbitrary Subjection of a Foreign Prince.

In this new Disturbance, *John* had again Recourse to the See of *Rome*, requiring from the Pope Succours, which he could not hope to obtain elsewhere. But, alas! the Arms of that Empire only consisted in thundering Censures and Anathema's. However, it being at present the Pope's Interest to vindicate *John's* Proceedings, and put an End to his Troubles, he was visited by a Legate from his Holiness, who, by a definitive

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tive Sentence from the *Roman College* damn'd and cassated the Barons Charter of Liberties, and soon after generally excommunicated them all by Name, and interdicted their Lands: which Censure, tho' it gave a dangerous Blow to their Faction, they at first very little regarded; but at length, seeing their Estates given away to Strangers, their Wives and Daughters violated, they resolved upon a desperate Project, which was to deliver the Kingdom into the Hands of *Lewis*, the Dauphine of *France*, and accordingly deputed some of their Body with Letters of Allegiance, to implore King *Philip* to send his Son over to *England*, and his Son's Acceptance of the Crown.

* There are few Princes so far Enemies to their Glory as to refuse so tempting an Offer. *Philip* immediately fancied he saw Justice on his Son's Side, and *Lewis*, whose Ambition was no way inferior to his Father's, accepted the Barons Proposals with the greatest Pleasure. Upon their Delivery of Hostages, they received a present Supply of *French* Soldiers, with Promise of the speedy Arrival of their new Sovereign.

The Pope having Intelligence of King *Philip's* Intentions, dispatch'd a Legate to *France*, with Apostolick Commands to him to prevent his Son from entering *St. Peter's Patrimony*, the Crown of *England* being now feudatory to the Church of *Rome*, and denouncing the great Curse against him in case he did. But *Philip*, with slender Respect, or rather Scorn to his Holiness, answer'd, he was now gone too far to desist, and *Lewis* with a numerous Fleet set forwards for *England*.

* Mezeray, Amoin,

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Upon the first News of his Arrival several Provinces sent their Deputies to congratulate him in their Names, from whom he also received Homage. Coming to *London* he was met by the Barons, and received in the City with all possible Demonstrations of Loyalty and Triumph. **Alexander* King of *Scotland* brought him a Body of Cavalry, and the States of the Kingdom having appointed a Day for his Coronation, it was performed amidst the Shouts and Acclamations of the People, and with the usual Solemnity.

John, unwilling to be a tame Spectator of his Enemies Triumph, was retir'd to *Winchester*, having left his Queen behind him. Amidst all the Terrors that surrounded her, all the Dangers which herself and Children were exposed to, nothing shock'd her so much as the Idea of being exposed to an Interview with her dear Earl, who, as she imagin'd, had followed *Lewis* in his Expedition. His Merit, Virtue, and every past Service came now afresh into her Memory ; and the Reflection of that inviolable Respect he had hitherto preserved for her, and the Certainty of her still being as dear to him as ever, threw her into a painful Perplexity. " Oh *Diana* ! (cry'd the afflicted Queen) " thou Partner of my secret Sorrows, instruct me what " to do, and help to extricate unhappy *Isabel* from " the wild Labyrinth of Thought she's now involved " in ; Wife to *John*, Mother of several Children, and " Queen of *England*, tho' against my Will, how shall " I view, or dare to look on that most wretched Prince " I have so greatly injur'd ? ". *Madam*, (replied the faithful Confident) *in my Opinion, the Cause of your Perplexity ought to be matter of Joy to your Majesty. After what the Earl has suffered on your Account, all the Soul-rending Pangs his labouring jealous*

* *Mezeray*.

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lous Breast has felt in knowing you in anothers Arms, would you, could you be so cruel as to deny him the slender Satisfaction of one short transient Interview; and since his Respect has hitherto been inviolable, what Cause have you to doubt it now? " 'Tis not the
" generous Earl I dread, (reply'd the Queen) but 'tis
" myself. Too well I know my Weakness; my Eyes
" would turn Betrayers of my Heart; losing them-
" selves in the fond Pleasure of beholding him, my ra-
" vish'd Looks would speak the tender Meaning of my
" Soul, and Reason, Virtue, Duty, vanish all before
" the more prevailing Power of Love.

At that Instant the Queen received a Message from the new King, desiring Leave to wait on her; and soon after he appeared unattended. At sight of the *Dauphine*, *Isabel* could not refrain from Tears; while *Lewis* surprized at the advantageous Improvement he found in her Beauty, stood gazing on her for some time without speaking. At length, the first Compliments on both sides being over, *Madam* (said the King) *kind Fortune to Day restores us a Blessing she had so cruelly deprived us of; and since we are again Possessors of it, we shall now more carefully endeavour to preserve it.*
" Sir, (reply'd the Queen) whatever Methods the King
" of England hath put in Practice to satisfy an un-
" ruly Passion, still I am his, and I have Children by
" him, that ask a Mother's Tenderness and Care.-----
And the unhappy Earl of March (interrupted the
King, with a low Voice) requires Sentiments of Pity,
which you cannot without the utmost Cruelty refuse
him. " Our mutual Sorrows, returned the Queen,
(not without some Emotion at the mention of that
dear Name) " ought to wean us from each other;
" and if the Earl has lost his Peace of Mind, believe
" me, Sir, I have not much remaining". This un-
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seasonable Indifference, Madam, (reply'd the King) is cruel beyond Thought! Remember in what manner and when you were snatch'd from his impatient disappointed Hopes: Reflect on what he has suffer'd for you: Consider how respectfully, how faithfully he has loved you; and, if you have not quite forgot him, if there be yet in the cold Embers of your dying Love, some unextinguish'd Spark, for my sake I conjure you see and speak to him, and do not refuse me what the severest Virtue might grant without a Blush. The King would not wait for a Reply, but left the Room, and soon after appeared the Earl of March.

The Tendernefs and Emotions these two ill-fated Lovers felt at sight of each other, are easier conceived than expressed: soft-murmuring Sighs and silent Tears, the dumb expressive Eloquence of Love, bespoke their mutual melancholy Transports. “Madam, (said the Earl at length, passionately gazing on the Queen) “my “Misfortunes have not tir'd my Respect; and even “now, while my fond Eyes devour with greedy Wishes “all your Charms, while every Look, while every “Thought, dissolv'd in soft, unutterable, and yet re- “spectful Tendernefs, my trembling Heart's still fear- “ful to offend; and your commanding Virtue awes the “fierce Transports of the Love-sick Soul”. *You have given me such amazing Proof of yours, my Lord, (reply'd the Queen) that should that Love, that Tendernefs you speak of, o'er-leap its Bounds, and plead in its own Cause, it were unjust in me to blame you; but oh! you see to what my curs'd Condition has subjected me: Wise to a fugitive unhappy King, who perhaps deserves the Rigour of his Fate; Duty forbids my siding with his Foes; and all the Wrongs I have received from John cannot dispense my Virtue*

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from what I owe myself and him. If you, my Lord, have suffer'd in the Disappointment of your Hopes, think not your once betroth'd and promis'd Isabel has been exempt from Sorrow : No, I've a Soul, a sympathizing Soul, that neither yields to yours in Passion or Fidelity ; and all those Vows of everlasting Love, which in our Days of Happiness a lawful Flame forc'd from my Virgin-Lips, not all the Tyrant's Threats and Cruelties have yet been able to dissolve. Oh! had I lov'd you less, my Heart had not been torn with such Variety of Anguish ; and when it strove (forgive me this Confession) to hate you, to forget you, then it lov'd you most : But Heaven is righteous in the Pangs I've suffered : For tho' 'twas with Reluctancy I sinned against my Love, yet I did sin : And----- “ Ungenerous cruel Queen (interrupted the Earl) “ would you deprive me of the Glory, the Pleasure I take in suffering for you ? 'Tis neither in your “ Power nor mine to hinder it ; and tho' I ne'er must “ hope for Happiness but by Events, which my Respect “ for you, and your own Virtue, forbid us both to wish ; “ yet, oh! permit me still to love you, to adore you, “ with the same fierce submissive Passion, and seek for “ Ease and Happiness in an eternal Constancy ”. *You have engaged me to you by so many Obligations (reply'd the Queen) I can refuse you nothing : Yes, Prince, indulge a Passion, which even the strictest Virtue could not find room to blame, and let us trust to Heaven for its Reward ; and if a Repetition of my Vows can ease the Tortures of your Soul, be satisfied that you are dear to me as ever ; and if I would, I could not cease to love you. A Shower of Tears followed this tender Confession. and the Earl unwilling to*

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increase her Agony by his Presence, retired to give a Loose to that he felt.

John being informed at *Winchester*, that the Earl of *March* was come over with the *Dauphine*, and was actually at *London*, every thing that can be conceived of Rage and Jealousy seized his tormented Soul, and in a Letter he wrote to the Queen he gave an unbounded Loose to both. *Isabel* had always designed to go after her Husband ; but at present it was not in her Power ; for tho' *Lewis* paid her all imaginable Defe-
rence, and used her not like a Captive, but a Queen ; yet he thought to serve her by using his Authority to, retain her. The Queen had now received *John's* Letter, and touch'd to the Soul at his Reproaches, and unjust Suspicions of her Virtue, resolved to procure her Liberty ; and for that purpose sending for the Earl of *March*, " My Lord, (said the Queen) I am going to
" urge an uncommon, and perhaps unacceptable Re-
" quest to you----but whom should I apply to, but to
" the only Man I can rely on ? I am obliged to go af-
" ter the King my Husband, and you alone can pre-
" vail on the *Dauphine* to give me that Liberty. My
" Stay at *London*, where you are known to be, is grown
" a publick Talk : Therefore, my Lord, spare me a
" Confusion which equally recoils upon yourself, and to
" what I already owe you add the never-to-be-forgot-
" ten Obligation of my being indebted to you also for
" my Reputation ". *Madam*, (reply'd the Earl, with
a Sigh he was not Master of) *your Will shall be re-*
ligiously obey'd----and tho' to part with you be worse
than Death----your Virtue shall not suffer Wrong on
my Account : Such Sacrifices might indeed be difficult
to an interested Lover, but what can you not o'er me ?
If Lewis will not let you go, Force shall--- " My Lord,

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(reply'd the Queen) "by all the Power you say I have
 " o'er you, I charge you, in serving me, not to expose
 " your far more precious Life ; for however necessary
 " be my Journey, I do not ask Impossibilities.

The Earl without regard to the Queen's needless Frights, repair'd to the new King's Apartment, whom he acquainted with her Resolution, intreating him at the same time not to refuse it. *Lewis* surprized at so unexpected a Request, and especially from the Earl, would not at first listen to it. But *Hugh* assuring him that his own and *Isabel's* Peace depended on their Separation, the King consented, tho' sore against his Will. A few Hours after the Queen left *London*, and the Earl saw her go, with the slender Comfort of having at least given her a sincere Mark of his Deference.

King *John* was now removed from *Winchester* to *Newark*, where he received the Queen with his usual Brutality. The Thoughts of her having seen the Earl of *March* wreck'd him beyond Expression ; but when she inform'd him, 'twas to him she ow'd her present Liberty, Imagination scarce can reach the Height of his Distraction. His Rage was oftentimes near proving fatal to the Queen, whom during the space of a whole Month he treated like a Slave. But these last Proofs of his Injustice and Barbarity she bore with the same Patience and Moderation as she had done the first. At length Heaven tir'd with his repeated Crimes and unrelenting Cruelty, afflicted him with a Fever, which soon proved mortal. At first he refus'd to see the Queen ; but the Remorse of his troubled Conscience, and the impending Vengeance of an offended God, with which the Bishop of *Worcester* piously threatned him, began to work upon his Impenitence ; and sending for the most considerable Persons at *Newark* to be Witnesses

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of his last Will, he appointed his eldest Son *Henry* to be his Successor, named *Richard* Earl of *Cornwall* and *Poictou*, and *Edmund* Earl of *Lancaster*. After which he made the Queen some sort of Reparation, and with apparent Marks of Penitence and Devotion, resign'd his Breath in her Arms, a Fate too glorious for so undeserving an Husband.

* Immediately after the Funeral Rites were over, the Queen sent for the Earl of *Pembroke*, Earl Marshal of *England*, and to his Care abandon'd Prince *Henry*. Upon which the Earl summoned the Nobility at *Gloucester*, where he insinuated to them, that tho' they had persecuted, and perhaps justly, the Father for his Tyrannical Administration, yet that Pity was to be had to the tender Years of the innocent Prince, and exhorted them by crowning him, to expel *Lewis* and his Followers, and to take away the Reproach of the Nation, by breaking the Yoke of that unjust Servitude. This they all unanimously agreed to; a Day was appointed for his Coronation, and things being got ready, he was crown'd at *Gloucester*, with the usual Solemnities, in Presence of the Pope's Legate.

Lewis apprized at the same time of *John's* Death, and his Son's Coronation, endeavoured to strengthen his Party among the *Londoners*; but the People, weary with the Reign of a Foreign Prince, turned their Backs to the *French*, and sided with the Infant-King. Upon which a Cessation from Hostilities was propounded, and a Truce agreed on between both Parties; which *Lewis* the more readily came into, because he had Intelligence from *Rome*, that the Curse which the Legate had denounced against him would shortly be confirmed by the Pope;

* Echard.

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Pope ; soon after which, he left *London*, and set forward for *France*.

What were now the Thoughts----the pleasing painful Thoughts, that agitated our two illustrious Lovers ! ----their Passion, which in the midst of so many Difficulties had still continued violent as ever, could not but receive fresh Life and Vigour, now Hope began to draw upon their Wishes. The Queen, 'tis probable, was not much grieved at her Husband's Death : However, she strictly preserved the Decorum which her Dignity required, endeavouring to promote her Childrens Interest with an indulgent Mother's Fondness, and the consummate Prudence of a skilful Queen.

The Earl, in a Juncture so favourable to his Wishes, would not follow *Lewis* to *France*, who, on his Part, was too reasonable to exact from him a Deference of this Nature ; and immediately after his Deparrure, the Earl set forwards for *Gloucester*, where the Queen then was.

He was no sooner arrived, but he resolved to write to her, not thinking it proper openly to appear at young King *Henry's* Court without her Approbation. The Queen open'd the Letter with an Emotion she was not Mistress of, and read what follows :

The Earl of *March* to the Queen of *England*.

M A D A M,

“ **T**H O' I have no Reason to doubt your Goodness,
 “ yet I dare not appear at Court without Leave
 “ from your Majesty. When I reflect on all my past
 “ Misfortunes, I cannot be free from the Apprehension
 “ of new ones. My Fate is in your Hands----and what-
 “ soever

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“ soever you may decree, I shall submit to.--- I cannot
“ say with Pleasure----but at least without repining.

The Queen was too much prepossess'd in favour of the Earl not to be sensibly touch'd at this fresh Proof of his respectful Passion; Love and Gratitude pleaded strongly in his Behalf, and her Duty being no longer subjected to Tyrannic Scruples, she immediately answer'd the Earl in the following manner:

The Queen of *England* to the Earl of *March*.

“ I Should be as cruel to myself as to your Lordship,
“ should I refuse you what you so well deserve. Haste
“ then, my Lord, and come with Confidence to a
“ Place where your Presence is impatiently desired-----
“ and be assured, that if I could have done it with De-
“ cency, you should have known before, how well,
“ how truly you're beloved.

These few Words gave the Earl unimaginable Pleasure; and hastening to Court, he threw himself at the Queen's Feet, and there gave a Loose to the immoderate Joy of his transported Soul. In short, after having indulged themselves for some time in the Rapture of their approaching Happiness, and exchange'd reciprocal Vows of Love and Constancy, the Queen desired the Earl not to appear publickly at Court before she had consulted with the Earl Marshal and many other Lords of known Probity; who having unanimously agreed to it, *Hugh* saw and embraced the young Princes. The *English*, who had always lov'd the Queen, paid him all imaginable Respect; and their Mourning had now only the exterior Part of Grief.

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The *Dauphine's* Stay in *France* was not long; the frequent Revolts of the *English* calling him away. But his Forces having been defeated near *Lincoln*, and fearing to be besieged in *London*, where he had retired, a Truce was proposed and agreed to between both Parties. *Lewis* consented to resign his Conquests in *England*, and soon after set sail with his Forces for *France*, having been for the most part a received King in the *English* Territories above two Years, from the Period of his Arrival. In this wish'd for Calm the Earl of *March*, who had continued neuter since his late Appearance at Court, was publicly married to the beautiful Queen, and all their past Misfortunes were followed with an uninterrupted Felicity, which never ended but with their Lives.



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FREDEGUND

under CHILPERIC King of
FRANCE.



AFTER the Decease of *Clotarius I.* whose sudden Death * seemed an Effect of the Divine Vengeance for his Unnatural Cruelty to his Son, whom, with his Wife and Children, he caus'd to be burnt alive in a Barn, the Kingdom of *France* was divided between his remaining Sons; which unhappy Division prov'd the Source of infinite Woe; Ambition triumph'd over the Tyes of Nature, and Love gave Birth to all the Horrors of intestine Broils, Murders, Assassinations and eternal Discords.

† The Four Princes having agreed to cast Lots for their respective Possessions, the Dominion of *Paris* fell to *Cherebert*; *Orleans*, with a good Part of *Burgundy*, to *Goutran*; *Metz* to *Sigebert*, and *Soissons* to *Chilperic*. But this equal Distribution, which ought to have laid the Foundation of an eternal Peace, had a quite contrary Effect: For *Cherebert* dying after a short Reign, the surviving Brothers severally aspired to the Succession

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of

* Mezeray.

† Ibid.

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of his Dominions. The haughty *Bruneband* (Wife to *Sigebert*, and Daughter to *Athanagildus*, King of the *Visigoths*) whose Beauty, tho' considerable, was far surpass'd by her Deformity of Soul, gave her Husband pernicious Counsels on that Occasion, and in process of time, Birth to all that Calamity, which at length ended in her deserved and ignominious Fate.

Chilperic was now married to the Princess *Audovere*, who far from fixing a Heart, her Charms and Vertue render'd her so worthy of, saw herself, in the Bloom of Youth and Beauty, expos'd to the Infamy and Sorrow of a shameful Divorce, tho' Mother of Four Children, *Theodoret*, *Meroveus*, *Glovis*, and the Princess *Basine*.

Among her Maids of Honour, who were generally selected from the most illustrious Families in the King's Dominions, Chance, not Choice, introduc'd one, who, tho' by far inferiour to the rest in Birth, surpass'd them all in Beauty, her Name was *Fredegund*; and never did a fair beautiful Outside conceal a more haughty, malicious and enterprising Spirit.

The Queen, who admitted her thro' her usual Good-nature, distinguish'd her afterwards by Inclination, and by an indiscreet and impartial Accumulation of Favours, furnish'd this dangerous Beauty with Arms against herself. The amorous *Chilperic* soon conceived a Passion for her, wherein his Reason, Glory, and at length, his Life, shipwreck'd; and giving an unbridled Loose to the Dictates of an impetuous Flame, he renounced all Study, Care and Thought, but of his beloved new Mistress.

O'erjoy'd at this prodigious Effect of her Beauty, she resolv'd to fix the Royal Lover intirely hers; to which Purpose she arm'd her Eyes with all the killing Darts of Love, and summon'd all her Wit and Charms to her
Assist-

of *Queens and Royal Mistresses.* 43

Assistance. The enamour'd King, impatient of Delay, now urg'd his Suit with greater Vehemence than ever ; but she seeing her Conquest assur'd, and *Chilperic* irretrievably captivated, used her Power with Tyranny, and politickly continued to refuse, what in the End she had resolved to grant, but then only when it might best answer her ambitious Views.

'Tis a true Maxim, *That in Matters of Love, Favours purchas'd with Ease, soon lose their native Relish, and grow insipid ; but when acquir'd with Difficulty, enhance the Price and Pleasure of the Conquest :* *Fredegund* was no Novice in the School of Love ; affecting a Coyness and Severity that were very distant from her Heart, she turn'd all the King's Vows and Transports into Raillery, and by forc'd Familiarity with others, appeared intirely regardless of his Offers.

This affected Indifference had its desired Effect ; *Chilperic* piqued and inflam'd at her Resistance, resolved to sacrifice every thing to the Gratification of his Passion, and thinking to ingratiate himself with his Mistress, by an open Disregard to his Wife, and that *Audovere's* Dignity of Queen would render her Disgrace the greater and more glorious for *Fredegund*, he soon confirmed her Suspicions of his Inconstancy, and gave her no room to doubt but that it was the Effect of her own Good-nature. As she had truly lov'd this ungrateful King, his Indifference was a sensible Affliction to her ; but conscious that a Disgrace of that Nature was only infamous to such as had deserved it, she resolved patiently to acquiesce in the Decrees of Fate ; and Religion, with the help of other Virtues, strengthened her in this pious Resolution.

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Chilperic, whose only Care and Study was to please his Mistress, omitted nothing which he thought capable of Working on her Insensibility. But *Fredegund*, unwilling to encourage his Passion, till she had pav'd herself a Way to the Throne, still remain'd inflexible. The People's universal Love for the Queen was indeed a considerable Obstacle to her Wishes; but trusting to her Power over the King, and to his natural Tendency to Pleasure and Dissolution, she at length resolved to deprive the Kingdom of its best and greatest Ornament, thereby to introduce Vice and Villany with the greater Ease.

In the mean time the young Princes increased in Years, and the Affection of the People. Their Power, it was probable, might one Day restore their Mother's Credit, or severely revenge her Wrongs on the Authors; and her Pregnancy was a Proof that *Chilperic* had yet some faint remaining Tenderness left for her; all which made *Fredegund* apprehensive of a Revolution, which was not without Appearance, and oblig'd her to keep her Royal Lover within the Limits of Respect and Wishes. But to avert this not impossible Turn in her Affairs, the bare Idea of which made her shudder, she immediately doom'd the unfortunate *Audovere* a Sacrifice to her Ambition, or resolv'd at least to procure her Banishment: In order to this, she began to steer a quite different Course from what she had hitherto done; and if she was at first obdurate, the King had now no Reason to complain of her Indifference. In short, the transported * *Chilperic*, unable to resist the powerful Intreaties of his lov'd Mistress, publicly divorced his Wife; who, to conceal her Ignominy, retir'd to a Convent with

all

* Gregory de Tours.

of Queens and Royal Mistresses. 45

all that Peace of Mind and Tranquillity, which are the inseparable Attendants of Virtue and Devotion.

So flagrant an Injustice caused a general Murmur among the People, who were passionately fond of their Queen, all unanimously pitying her unhappy Fate, and venting fruitless Curses on the Author of it, the impious *Fredegund*; who, without Regard to their Complaints, triumph'd with insulting Pride o'er the Fruit of her Treachery and Ingratitude. *Chilperic*, tho' a Slave to her Will, fearing the Consequences of this Disaffection in the People, durst not, as he had at first design'd, raise her to his Throne, but was even forc'd, at their repeated Intreaties, to fix his Choice on some Princess, whose Alliance might prove advantageous to the present Posture of his Affairs. † *Galesuinte*, Sister to *Brunebaud*, and second Daughter to *Athanagildus*, was thought a proper Match for him; and *Chilperic*, notwithstanding the Prayers and Fears of his Mistress to prevent it, chose rather to consent to the Request of his Subjects, than expose himself to an otherwise unavoidable Civil War. *Gogon*, a Man of eminent Merit, and Distinction, was deputed to demand the Princess in Marriage; which was rather granted thro' Fear than Good-will, || her Father having previously bound the King, and other Lords of his Court, under the most solemn Vows and Oaths, *That he would not, nor that they should suffer him to abandon her, for any other Woman during her Life.*

Galesuinte, to a surprising Beauty, join'd a quick penetrating Wit, with such enchanting Modesty and Softness, as might have touch'd the most insensible Heart. But *Fredegund*, at sight of an Object that destroy'd her Hopes of Grandeur, was only fill'd with Rage and
In.

† Mezeray.

|| Ibid..

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Indignation, and from that Instant began to meditate on the Means of disappointing the new Queen's propos'd Happiness in the Arms of *Chilperic*.

As *Gogon*, in his Negociation of the King's Marriage, had often seen *Galesuinte*, and paid her that Deference and Respect, which he thought due to a Princess, who was shortly to be his Queen, she in Return treated him with distinguishing Marks of Civility, and even testify'd to *Chilperic* her Satisfaction of this faithful Minister. This Effect of an innocent Gratitude furnished *Fredegund* with sufficient Arms against her Rival: She represented to the King, that *Gogon's* officious Zeal for the Queen, and her singular Distinction of him from the other Courtiers, certainly conceal'd some private Intrigue injurious to his Honour; and this she took care to aggravate with all the implacable and artful Malice of an incensed jealous Woman. * The credulous, or rather stupid *Chilperic*, was soon fir'd to her Wish; and causing the unfortunate *Gogon* to be seiz'd, he had him beheaded under some frivolous Pretence, as void of Reason as of Justice: The Queen look'd on his Misfortune as a certain Omen of her own; for though she knew the King could not publicly take away her Life, yet she had sufficient Cause to dread some private Attempt upon it: In Effect instigated by *Fredegund*, that unrelenting Enemy to Virtue, the doating *Chilperic*, or rather this Monster of Barbarity, strangled, with his own Hands, the innocent and beautiful *Galesuinte*: Strange unexampled Cruelty! which was just matter of Horror and Wonder to the whole World, but rais'd *Fredegund* to her desired height of Happiness, the enamour'd King, as a convincing Proof of his Weakness, being soon afterwards married to her.

* Valvis. Aimoin.

* The Queen's Death, and the horrid manner of it, was generally thought the Effect of *Fredegund's* Jealousy, tho' her Adherents, to remove from her the Odium of so black an Action, insolently attributed the Murder to *Brunehaud*, who, as they said, envious of her Sister's Happiness, had caused her to be privately dispatch'd by a Sett of Assassins she had always at her Beck.

'Tis certain that few Women ever carried Cruelty to a greater Height than *Brunehaud*; but 'tis very improbable, or rather impossible she could have any hand in the Murder of *Galesuinte*, the publick Testimonies of her Resentment, and other material Circumstances, indisputably confirming that Opinion. At the first News of her Sister's Death she loudly demanded Vengeance of *Athanagildus*, accusing *Fredegund* to be the Author of it. The King of the *Visigoths*, whom Reasons of State obliged to stifle his Resentments, satisfy'd himself with deploring the unhappy Destiny of his Daughter; and *Brunehaud*, whose Zeal was perhaps more the Effect of Vanity, than real Sorrow, finding she had nothing to hope for from her Father, resolv'd on other Means of perfecting her Revenge.

During the Absence of *Sigebert*, her Husband, who was then making War upon the *Huns*, *Chilperic*, at the Instigation of *Fredegund*, broke in upon his Territories. *Brunehaud*, glad of an Opportunity to facilitate her Designs, and joyning this unjust Irruption to the cruel Murder of her Sister, wrote to *Sigebert* in the most pressing Terms, drawing *Fredegund*, the Author of all this Mischief, in Colours, which she perhaps borrow'd from her own Defects, and conjuring him not to suffer this implacable Fury to extinguish the whole Race

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Race of *Clotarius* and *Athanagildus*, nor *Chilperic* to aggrandize himself in his Ruin.

|| *Sigebert*, recall'd by the pressing Instances of his beloved Wife, soon concluded an advantageous Peace with the *Huns*, and returning to *France*, took *Rheims* from *Chilperic*; from thence he march'd to *Soissons*, gave Battle to his Brother, intirely defeated his Troops, and making himself Master of that City, obliged *Chilperic* to shut himself up in *Tournay*, after having lost his Darling Son *Theodebert*, and thought himself strong enough to invade and conquer the whole Kingdom of *Metz*.

Sigebert in the mean time advanced towards *Paris*, which, since the Death of *Cherebert*, had been under no particular Dominion, the Inhabitants whereof received him with all possible Demonstrations of Loyalty and Joy. His Stay there was but short; for being willing to promote the Success of his Arms, and thinking himself secure of all, could he but once make himself Master of *Chilperic*, he march'd with his Army towards *Tournay*; * but encamping, against the Advice of his Council, at *Vitry*, there *Fredegund* found Means to destroy by Artifice, an otherwise invincible Conqueror. Two Assassins, hir'd for that Purpose, under pretence of revealing some important Secret to the King, stabb'd him in his Tent, but were themselves tore to pieces by the Soldiers, according to *Fredegund's* Wish.

Sigebert's Death was followed with a sudden general Revolution; his Forces raised the Siege of *Tournay*; Part retir'd in Confusion, and the rest went over to *Chilperic*, their Affection dying with their Prince.

|| Grimeston's Hist. of France. * Mezeray.

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Brunebaud, in whom every Passion raged immoderate, was inexpressibly grieved at her Loss of so illustrious an Husband, and the Defeat of all her Hopes of Vengeance. The faithless *Parisians*, who had revolted to *Chilperic*, forgetting she had been their Queen, order'd a strict Guard to be set over her and her Family. † But Duke *Gombaud*, one of the most considerable Noblemen of *Austrasia*, found Means privately to convey young Prince *Childebert* to *Metz*, by letting him down the Walls of the City in a Basket, to one of the Domesticks who waited there for that Purpose.

The faithful *Austrasians* received their Prince with inexpressible Tokens of Joy. On *Christmas* Day following they crown'd him King, and put him under the Protection of *Goutran*; which preventing *Chilperic's* Design of invading *Childebert's* Kingdom, he repair'd to *Paris*, where he enter'd in a triumphant manner, and banish'd *Brunebaud* to *Rouen*, and her two Daughters to *Meaux*.

This Woman, to an intrepid Boldness of Spirit, join'd a surprizing Wit, a soft perswasive Eloquence, and a considerable share of Beauty. So many Charms could not fail of procuring her a sufficient Number of Friends in her Retreat, to give Umbrage to *Chilperic*, and alarm the conscious *Fredegund*. And indeed she represented to the King the dangerous Consequences of allowing the least Freedom to a Woman, who only made use of it to blacken their Actions, and by rendring them odious, work on the Minds of the credulous People, and prevail on them to espouse a Cause, that was yet without Adherents.

† Mezeray.

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Chilperic, born to believe, and be subservient in every thing to *Fredegund*, promised her all she ask'd, and even to settle the Crown on her Posterity, without regard to the just Pretensions of his other Children. Upon this Prince *Meroveus*, Son to the unhappy *Audovere* and the next presumptive Heir, unwilling to lose his Right to the Throne, gathered together a considerable Number of Forces, and took Arms against his Father, retiring to *Rouen*, with a Design of mortifying *Frede-gund*, by releasing *Brunebaud* from her present close Confinement.

The Prince was naturally amorous, and in an Age when a Weakness of that Nature is very excusable; his tender Soul had ever been susceptible of Pity to the Misfortunes of others: Those of his own Mother had often fill'd his Eyes with Tears; he could not even see them fall from others without Emotion; and as to his Person, Nature seem'd to have there lavish'd all her store of Graces.

Upon his Arrival at *Rouen*, he caused *Brunebaud* to be brought before him, who in her flowing Hair and Mourning Habit appeared so ravishingly beautiful to the Eyes of the young Prince, that, forgetting she had been his Uncle's Wife, Love, with all its Train of soft Soul thrilling Hopes and tender Wishes, took Possession of his Heart. *Brunebaud*, who in his ravish'd Looks perceiv'd his growing Passion, manag'd her own with so much Art, and in such lively Colours, back'd with the powerful, resistless Eloquence of Tears, painted her Distress, that Pity join'd with Love for his undoing, and perfected this glorious Conquest of her Charms.

So unexpected a Change in *Brunebaud*'s Fortune, proved very favourable to the Prince's Passion. Freed from Captivity and the impending Vengeance of her
im-

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implacable Enemy *Fredegund*, her Gratitude easily surmounted the scruples of Consanguinity ; and after the necessary Preparations for their Marriage, * the Ceremony was perform'd by *Pretextat*, the Archbishop of *Rouen*, who following the Dictates of his *Interest*, preferable to those of *Conscience*, made no Difficulty of tying this incestuous Knot.

Fredegund, tho' capable of worse, shudders at the News ; not thro' any Sentiments of Devotion, but out of meer Pride. *Chilperic*, the tame submissive Servant of her Pleasure, swore the Destruction of his Son, thinking, as she artfully insinuated, that this late open Insult of his Power, was the Effect of *Audovere's* Advice, and only list'ning to his impious Resentment, he march'd in Person to *Rouen*, leaving his Son *Clovis* at *Soissons*, in Love with a Daughter of one of the Queen's Maids of Honour. The enraged *Chilperic* soon made himself Master of the Place, order'd *Brunehaud* to be closely guarded in the old Palace, and confined the Prince her Husband in a Monastery.

But Captivity alone did not answer *Fredegund's* Wish, *Meroveus*, she thought might possibly be freed, and nothing but his Death could satisfy her : In order to which, she found Means to bribe one of his Domesticks, who by her Directions, proposed to the Prince a way of making his Escape from the Monastery ; assuring him, as an Encouragement, that his Friends had rais'd a considerable Number of Forces, who only waited his Commands to fall upon *Chilperic*. The unsuspecting Prince, at the Traytor's Desire, wrote to his supposed Friends in Acknowledgment for their Zeal ; and delivering him the Letters, they were carried and produced to the King, who, without regard to the gentle Calls of Na-

* Mezeray. Father L' Abbe.

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ture, caused his Son to be assassinated, and soon after Queen *Audovere* and her Daughter were also sacrificed to *Fredegund's* Ambition, and sent after *Galesuinte*, *Sigebert* and *Meroveus*. *Clovis* was the only surviving Branch of an unhappy Race ; and *Fredegund* had already destin'd him a like Fate ; but the Loss of all his other Children endearing him to *Chilperic*, she thought it proper to defer for a while this last Act of her bloody Tragedy, and that the rather, as this young Prince was extremely mild, as yet incapable of doing her Prejudice, and of no very promising Qualifications.

But while he made Love his only Care and Study, and that *Childebert*, *Brunebaud's* Son, was preparing to besiege *Soissons*, *Fredegund*, unwilling to expose herself to the Casualties of War, left the Place with her Family, attended by Prince *Clovis*, whose Passion would not permit him to lose sight of his beloved Mistress. Soon after *Fredegund* was brought to Bed of a Son, whom she named *Clotarius*, whereof *Chilperic*, in all probability, was not the only Father ; for presuming on her Power over the besotted King, she had lately given a loose to her natural Love of Variety, and several Lovers of different Sorts and Characters had less Reason to complain of her Cruelty than *Chilperic's* unhappy Progeny. *Beleramis*, Archbishop of *Bordeaux*, join'd his Mitre to the other Trophies of her Conquest ; * but of all her Adorers, she particularly distinguish'd *Landry de la Tour*, who by her Means had been created Mair of the Palace, and a Peer of *France*.

Landry was in the Bloom of Youth and Vigour ; his Person was extremely graceful ; his Wit quick and sprightly ; but his Temper, ambitious, bold and enterprizing ;

* Mezeray, Grimeston.

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prizing ; in short, he had all the Requisites to please a Woman of *Fredegund's* Temper. And, indeed, she grew so passionately fond of him, and their Intrigue so publick, that *Chilperic* was the only one that did not perceive it. During this Criminal Intelligence, the unhappy *Clovis* fell also a Sacrifice to *Fredegund's* Revenge : His Passion pav'd the Way to his Misfortune, for having indiscreetly open'd his Heart to his Mistress, concerning *Fredegund*, and his intended Vengeance of her Crimes, in case he came to his Father's Throne, the foolish Girl repeated the Prince's Words to her yet more foolish Mother. In short, the Story came to *Fredegund's* Ears, who apprehending the Effects of this early Resentment, accus'd the Prince to have poison'd her two Sons ; and so strangely prepossess'd *Chilperic* against him, that this inhumane Father gave up his only Son a Victim to her Fury. The ill-fated *Clovis* was † assassinated, and afterwards thrown into a River. But his Body being found on the Shore by a Fisherman, was by him privately convey'd to *Goutran*, who caused it to be deposited in the Church of St. *Vincent* at *Paris*.

The Prince's Death remov'd every Obstacle to *Fredegund's* Security, and all her Fear of being, after the Decease of *Chilperic*, call'd to a severe Account for the Mischief she had occasioned ; insatiate in her Pleasure as in her Cruelty, she insolently gave a loose to both, and at length the unhappy *Chilperic* himself felt the sad Effects of his ill-grounded Love and Generosity.

Landry, on his Part, whom she had rais'd to all the highest Dignities in the Kingdom, began to despise even his Master, aspiring to a Crown, which *Fredegund* in the midst of her amorous Transports, often promised him, as a Reward for his private Services.

† Mezeray.

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Landry, (would she then say to him) You ought to have no mean Opinion of your Merit, after the Effects it hath produced ; 'tis you alone I could ever teach my Heart to love sincerely, and I have wonder'd at the swift Progress you made there ----- Madam (reply'd Landry) the Pleasure of so tender a Confession, is, in my Opinion, preferable to the greatest Fortune ; and all its wanton Smiles on me are poor, to one from you : But yet, my Queen, your passionate entirely devoted Landry sees you in the Arms of Chilperic, and cannot, without repining at his Fate, think on the King's Prerogative of Husband---Kindly reproach'd (return'd the Queen, with a Look that clearly denoted the raging Fire of her Soul) but then to ease the Torture of that Thought, reflect on those all-powerful Privileges my Love has made you Master of ; here you command, and while I live, may share the Royal Power with me ; Chilperic, whom by Artifice and Flattery I have long since dispossessed of all Authority, is now grown a mere Shadow, that we may dissipate at Will. However, while we can make his Dignity subservient to our Happiness---let him live---but when our Power shall need no farther Prop---perish the needless Fool ! and let us send him after Clovis and Meroveus. Landry, whose Ambition was tickled by this Scheme of future Greatness, applauded her Resolution, and with repeated Proofs of vigorous Love endeavour'd to render himself worthy Fredegund's Sentiments for him.

The doating Chilperic had never express'd so great a Fondness for his Wife, than he did at that Time : One would have thought that all the Blood she had spilt had only endear'd her to the amorous Monarch : A thousand Vows and Protestations of eternal Love were the daily Homages of his Heart ; and, ignorant of the

the fatal Reward that waited his ill-requited Tender-
ness, he only seemed to live in his admired *Fredegund*.

The King was an extream Lover of Hunting, and
being now in an Interval of Peace, he made it his fre-
quent Diversion.

* He rose one Morning from *Fredegund*, to take
Horse with those that generally followed him to that
Exercise; but being obliged to dispatch some unexpect-
ed State-Affairs, a Fit of Love, or rather his unhappy
Destiny, drove him again to the Queen's Apartment.
Willing to surprize her, he made so little Noise in coming
in, that she did not hear him. She was then combing
her Hair, which hung partly loose about her Shoulders,
and partly over her Head, and this, together with the
Negligence of her Dress, added resistless Graces to her
natural Beauty. The amorous King gazed on her some
Moments, unseen, with Admiration; but at length,
unable to resist the fiery Transports of his Soul, he
struck her gently over the Shoulder with his riding
Wand. *Fredegund* not dreaming of *Chilperic*, whom
she imagin'd far enough off, but thinking it was *Lan-
dry*, who at all Times and Hours had the Liberty of
her Apartment, without turning her Head, unluckily
dropt an Expression which unravell'd the whole Mystery
of her Intrigue with him, and discover'd her Ingratitude
to the King. His late Transport immediately gave way
to all the Horrors of Jealousy and Despair, and leaving
the Room as softly as he came into it, he took Horse
for his intended Diversion, but with unimaginable Ago-
ny of Mind.

N. B. The Expression upon the *French* Records is
this, *Landry, Landry, un bon Cavalier ne prend
Jamais sa Maitresse par derriere*; which our *Grime-*

ston

* Du Chesne. Grimeston.

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ston renders thus----Landry, *in my Opinion, a good Knight should attack his Mistress before, not behind.*

Fredegund was but too soon convinc'd of her Mistake, and dreading its Consequences, doom'd her Husband a Victim without farther Appeal. She was no Novice in Cruelty, having already made Trial of her Skill upon three crown'd Heads and two Princes. Landry was immediately sent for, when only listening to the Dictates of her Fear, *My dear Landry, (she cry'd) my Imprudence has thrown us into the greatest Danger, and we are inevitably lost, unless you speedily contrive the Means of preventing it. In short, my treacherous Lips have betray'd my Heart; Chilperic is no longer ignorant of our Commerce, and since our Lives and future Happiness depend at present upon his Death, he dies---'Tis fix'd as Fate---and you, the faithful Agent of my Vengeance---must boldly free me from a loath'd and dangerous Husband---and rid yourself of a detested Rival in the Royal Bed and Throne.---Go, Landry,---strike home besure---and by speedy Execution of my Wishes---render yourself worthy Fredegund, and all our Views of future Grandeur.*

Landry, tho' entirely devoted to her Will, was yet struck with Horror at Fredegund's Proposal, and his wild Looks and stammering Tongue discovering the Confusion and Disorder of his Soul, *What, (cry'd the Queen) do you hesitate? Dastard, unworthy of my Love, and the Preference I have given thee over so many others, how dare thy Coward Soul avow a Fear that's a Stranger to the Heart of Fredegund? 'Tis not a whining soft unactive Passion, that can satisfy me---Love without Courage and Submission I despise; and since---Enough, Madam, (interrupted Landry, stung to the very Soul with her Reproaches) your Will shall*
be

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be obey'd with Intrepidity. Chilperic is sufficiently criminal, now he is grown dangerous, and that you have doom'd his Fate. He dies----I swear it at your Feet.----The Cloud that hung on *Fredegund's* Brow immediately gave way to serener Looks, and *Landry* left her to put the bloody Project in Execution.

Chilperic, in the Dusk of the Evening, was returning from Hunting, meditating perhaps some severe Vengeance against his treacherous Wife and her ungrateful Paramour. He had left his Guards at some small distance, and was then attended but by one Page, when a Band of Assassins, hired for that Purpose by *Landry*, under Pretence of guarding, stabb'd him and his Attendant in several Places, before they had time to put themselves in any Posture of Defence.

The Villains dispersed, and directed their Course towards *Austrasia*, * to make the World believe, that their Crime was an Effect of *Brunebaud's* Revenge, who was now freed from Captivity, and restored to her former Dignity, and the Possession of her Dominions: The affected Cries and Clamours of *Fredegund* and *Landry* seem'd to justify the Opinion, but with the more clear-sighted and discerning Part, their unusual Mourning and Endeavours to disculp themselves, were convincing Arguments of their Guilt.

Conscious of her Crime, and fearing *Childebert*, who was then at *Meaux*, *Fredegund* retir'd to *Paris*, where she found Means to prevail on *Goutran*, her Husband's Brother, to take her Child and herself under his Protection. She was by him constituted Regent during *Clotarius's* Minority, and successfully baffled all *Childebert's* and *Brunebaud's* Attempts upon his Dominions. At length, after a Life, stain'd with all manner of

H Crimes,

* Mezeray. Grimeston.

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Crimes, and full of Infamy, this Prodigy of her Sex, dy'd of a Fever, tho' she deserv'd a far worse Fate. As to *Brunehaud*, the whole World is acquainted with her † unhappy Catastrophe, wherein she was the rather to be pitied, as she had been Daughter, Wife, Mother, and Grandmother of Kings, and that *Fredegund* was of the meanest Extraction. Be that as it will, 'tis certain the whole World never produc'd two more detestable, or generally detested Monsters, than these Women.

† *Brunehaud* was taken and accused by *Clotarius II.* with the Murders of Ten Kings, and try'd by his Army, who finding her guilty, she was three Days put to the Rack, afterwards led naked round the Camp upon a Camel, and then torn to Pieces by Four wild Horses. She was Daughter to *Athanagildus*, King of Spain, Wife to *Sigebert*, King of Metz, Mother to *Childebert*, afterwards King of *Austrasia*, and Grandmother of *Theodebert* and *Thierry*, *Childebert's* two Sons; *Theodebert* succeeded his Father in *Austrasia*, and *Thierry* was made King of *Burgundy* and *Orleans* ||.

|| *Du Chesne*, *Mezeray*, *Grimeston*.



ROXE-



ROXELANA

under SOLIMAN the Second
Emperor of the TURKS.

BEAUTY, of all Empires, is the most absolute and arbitrary, and that Woman who prudently manages those Charms she is Mistress of, may well be term'd truly powerful. The greatest Conquerors, and even the Masters of the Universe, have sometimes been govern'd by those who had been their Slaves; and the World has been Witness of several of these sort of Prodigies, under Princes, who by the Glory of their Actions had a just Title to Immortality.

Soliman's unexampled Passion and blind Condescension to the haughty *Roxelana*, is a memorable Instance of the Truth of that Maxim. This Prince, with his Father's, the Great *Selim's* Throne, had inherited all his Virtues. He was Master of a consummate Prudence, brave to Excess, indefatigable in War, grateful to those who had faithfully served him, magnificent and liberal in his Expences, tender and indulgent to his Family, great in his Designs, successful in their Execution, well made in his Person, of a quick discerning Judgment, of an extream Vivacity of Thought, and a scrupulous At-

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tachment to the most trivial Rules of the *Mahometan* Religion.

His first Passion was for a beautiful *Georgian*, who dy'd soon after the Delivery of her first and only Son; as the Sultan had truly lov'd her, *Mustapha*, for so was the young Prince call'd, inherited all his Father's Affection, and was brought up in the Royal Palace as the presumptive Heir of one of the most vast Dominions of the World.

The Royal *Ottoman* Palace is always fill'd with the most agreeable Objects; *Tartary*, *Colchis* and *Greece*, with other Provinces of *Europe* and *Asia*, furnish the Bashaws with Means of making successfully their Court, by consecrating the various Rarities of those several Climates to their Master's unbounded Lust, and these young unhappy Victims are for ever confin'd in a particular Seraglio, without any other Employment, but their mutual Emulation of pleasing.

Tho' *Soliman* saw himself Possessor of a thousand precious Liberties, tho' thousand Beauties daily languish'd for his Favour, inconsolable for his late Loss, his Heart was shut to every other Idea, till *Roxelana*, a Native of *Turkey*, beautiful beyond Thought, but equally proud, daring and ambitious, appeared before him, and made a perfect Conquest of his Insensibility. The haughty Fair no sooner saw herself Mistress of his Heart, but she aspir'd to an equal Share of his Secrets; her growing Favour joined to her Skill in Policy, soon gained her Creatures at the Porte, and she neglected not preventing those in Power from carrying their Credit and Authority too far.

Every thing in the Seraglio obey'd even her Nod, with the profoundest Submission, and of all her Slaves, the Sultan was the greatest and most subservient. In

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five Years time she gave him four Sons and a Daughter, *Mahomet*, *Selim*, *Bajazet*, *Zeangir*, and the Sultaneſs *Cameria*, who all liv'd except her eldeſt-born *Mahomet*. This beautiful Family ſpent their Infancy in the Delights of a profound Peace ; *Soliman* diſtinguiſh'd *Muſtapha* by Inclination and the Right of Birth : But the imperious *Roxelana*, unable to ſuffer theſe Advantages to an elder Brother of her own Children, ſwore his Deſtruction, and began to enter upon her bloody Purpoſe, by inſpiring *Bajazet* with a Hatred for *Muſtapha*, no leſs unjuſt and inveterate than her own. A Similitude in Perſon and wicked Diſpoſitions of Mind already but too apparent in Prince *Bajazet*, had procured him a conſiderable Preference in her Affection to *Selim* and *Zeangir*, and ſhe reſolv'd at the Expence of every thing elſe to eſtabliſh his Fortune ; ſhe already mark'd him for the Emperor's Succeſſor. In ſhort, the haughty, beautiful, dangerous *Roxelana* made herſelf a Law of being treacherous and cruel ; her Artifice had already contributed to the Grand Vizier *Ibrahim*'s Death, becauſe his Virtue render'd him formidable to her Deſigns, and ſhe now promiſed herſelf as eaſie a riddance of his Succeſſor, *Acomat*, who walk'd in his Predeceſſor's Footſteps.

Prince *Muſtapha* had no ſooner enter'd upon the Sixteenth Year of his Age, but the Emperor charm'd with his good Qualities, and the Merit of his Perſon, contracted an advantageous Match for him with a beautiful young Princeſs, and made him Governor of the Province of *Amazia*. *Roxelana*, whoſe Beauty and Empire, notwithſtanding a fifteen Years Commerce, were yet all-powerful with the Sultan, with Joy conſented to this Promotion, as it would be a Means of removing *Muſtapha* from a Father, whoſe Eyes were but too open
to

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to his Merit: The Prince retired to his Government where he soon gained the universal Love of his People by a thousand Proofs of his Justice and Valour, appearing so exact and uncorrupt in the Administration of Affairs, as obliged his implacable Step-Mother to renounce her present Designs upon his Person, and refer them to a more convenient Opportunity.

Bajazet and *Selim*, equally turbulent, felt so great an Antipathy to each other, that they were eternally at Variance. Their Brother *Zeangir* on the contrary was naturally mild and good-natur'd: Tho' born of *Roxelana*, his Soul averse to those Vices that appeared so conspicuously in them, was ally'd to *Mustapha* by Virtue and Inclination. The young Prince had often express'd a Desire of visiting his Brother in his Government; and *Roxelana*, who not without considerable Regret, perceived his growing Virtue, having obtained the Sultan's Consent to his Departure, and given her's with Pleasure, *Zeangir* very willingly left a Court, where the most horrid Crimes were grown so frequent, and repair'd to *Amazia*, where he joined with *Mustapha* in the Management of Affairs, and the most perfect Friendship that ever warm'd the Breast of Man. *Roxelana*, ever active and mindful of her own particular Interest obliged the Emperor to bestow his Daughter *Cameria* on Bashaw *Rustan*, a Creature entirely devoted to her Malice, and the fittest Person in the Empire for the Execution of her Designs; and this unexpected Mark of Favour engaged him to her for ever after.

As she had nothing more at Heart than *Mustapha's* Destruction, and to see *Bajazet* on the Throne, she was eternally forming Projects for the Accomplishment of her Designs: Reason in vain oppos'd the Difficulty of destroying a Prince, ador'd by the whole *Ottoman* Empire,

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pire, tenderly beloved, and yet more valued by his Father ; cover'd with Glory, tho' in the Prime of Youth, whose every Action bespoke him worthy of the Dignity he possessed, and the Royal Blood he sprung from ; in short, a Prince entirely a Stranger to those Vices, which had so justly render'd *Bajazet* and even *Selim*, the Scorn and Hatred of the People. These Obstacles, however great, did not appear insurmountable, and she flatter'd herself, that Fortune would one Day or other present her with an Opportunity of effecting her Purpose. Her Empire was yet limited to the Sultan, over whom she reign'd with all the Arbitrary Power and Tyranny of Woman. Her Title of Slave would not permit her interfering openly in Affairs of State----but what is insuperable to the Wit and Artifice of that Sex ! Prompted by Ambition, she resolved not only to obtain her Freedom, but even force the credulous *Soliman* to marry her, and debase his other glorious Titles, by joining to them that of Husband, a Name that was ever odious to the Sultans.

* To effect this unexampled Enterprize, she cloak'd her Pride under the specious Veil of Religion, making the Muphty understand, by means of her faithful Confident *Rustan*, that she had a great desire of building an Hospital for poor *Mahometans*, in hopes that so charitable a Deed would prove instrumental to the Salvation of her Soul. The Muphty answer'd, That being a Slave of the Emperor's, the Merit of the Action would recoil intirely upon him. The artful Sultaneßs, tho' no Stranger to this Maxim of her Faith, affected a profound Melancholy at the Disappointment of her Hopes ; and *Soliman* after several Interrogatories, being apprized of the Cause of it, sway'd by the Ascendant she had gained

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* Faudeer's Hist. of Turkey.

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over him, freed her without Hesitation: *Roxelana* o'erjoy'd at her Success, no sooner saw herself in this wish'd-for independent State, but she us'd the Power of her Charms with the greatest Tyranny, avoiding all private Commerce with the Emperor under Pretence; that according to the strict Injunctions of a Religion she had hitherto followed with so much Reverence, he could have no Power in that respect over a Woman that was Mistress of her Freedom. The Muphty being consulted, made answer to the same Purpose; and *Soliman* inflam'd at so unexpected a Resistance, was soon after publicly marry'd to her.

Roxelana being now rais'd to a Copartnership in the Empire, and absolute Mistress of the Sultan's Will, took upon her the Administration of Affairs, and soon made those that compos'd the *Ottoman* Court, feel the powerful Effects of her Hatred or Good-will. Her Aversion for *Mustapha* increased with the Report of his Virtues, and her blind Tenderness for *Bajazet* with the Knowledge of his Vices; she even thought it her Duty to repair his too visible Effects, by the Possession of an Empire, and that a Dignity of that high Nature was alone capable of justifying her ill-grounded Preference. As for *Selim*, a blended Mixture of Vice and good Qualities compos'd his Character; and if he sympathized in any thing with *Bajazet*, 'twas only in their Desire of reigning.

But while *Roxelana* triumphed over the Emperor's Credulity, several considerable things had pass'd in *Asia*. The Sophy of *Persia*, a sworn Enemy to the *Ottoman* Glory, had render'd himself formidable by several successful Irruptions into their Territories. *Soliman* had often aspired to his Ruin, but the *Persian* Valour had as often baffled his Designs; and since the Death
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of the invincible *Ibrahim*, the *Sophi* had gained considerable Advantages; but at length the determined Courage of *Acomat* and *Mustapha* stopt the Progress of his victorious Arms, and the Prince with admirable Conduct and Success often carried Fire and Sword into the very Bowels of his Kingdom. *Zeangir* assiduously gave such frequent Proofs of his Valour in several Occurrences, that *Mustapha* felt every Day an Increase of Tenderneſs and Esteem for this worthy Partner of his Friendship. Far from imitating *Bajazet* and *Selim* by Violence and Cruelty, Softneſs and Clemency followed the two victorious Princes wherever they went; no Severity aggravated the Misfortunes of those whom the Chance of War submitted to their Power, and their Reputation was no less famous among the *Persians*, than dear to the *Ottomans*; the spreading Fame of their glorious Exploits, was an inexpressible Mortification to the envious *Roxelana*; her Thoughts were continually bent on *Mustapha's* Ruin, when Love and Fortune should furnish her with the Means.

The two Princes having with their victorious Troops penetrated into the very Heart of *Persia*, *Zeangir* made himself Master of a Palace, wherein the *Sophi's* Children were generally brought up, but his Valour for being too successful was severely punished, and his new Conquest followed with the Loss of his Repose, and afterwards his Life. *Perselia*, the *Sophi's* Daughter, was upon her Recovery from a considerable Indisposition. The bright refulgent Day shone with less glorious Lustre; her Shape, her Air, her Features, her every Action, surpass'd even what Imagination can conceive most perfect: *Zeangir* dazzled at the sight of so many Charms, detested a Victory that had already proved so fatal to him; a thousand times in an instant

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he curs'd the Rashness of his inconsiderate Valour, and perceiving in the Princess's Looks a Surprise mix'd with Fear and Languor, threw away his Scymetar, and coming up towards her with a Submission more becoming a Slave than a Conqueror, " I know not, Madam, (said the Prince, kneeling, and with a trembling Voice) " whether you are known to *Sophi Tachmas* ; but I am " confident, that to triumph over his most formidable " Foes he need only oppose you to their Efforts ; and " for my Part, I shall esteem myself eternally unhappy " to have profaned with Blood and Violence, a Place " which your Presence ought to have render'd sacred, " and in the least contributed to the Disturbance of your " Tranquillity. But alas ! how severely are you already " reveng'd, and how inconsiderable are these Troubles " to those which threaten all the future Hours of *Zean-* " *gir's Life* ". The Princess, who was far from expecting such Respect from Men whom she imagined the most savage Barbarians upon Earth, fix'd her fair Eyes upon the Prince without any apparent Marks of Anger ; and seeing he continued in the same humble Posture, *Rise, Sir,* (said she) *and do not by this ignoble Submission debase the Pride of the Ottoman Blood ; if Tachmas had been of my Temper, you would not have had room to shew us this Generosity, and War no longer desolate our Provinces ; but since the Fate of Arms has destin'd us your Captives, dispose of the unhappy Sophi's Daughter as you please.*----" How ! Ma- " dam, are you the Princess of *Persia* ? (interrupted *Zeangir*) " then I am still more criminal and wretched ; " but I'll no longer hesitate on what I have to do ; " however, Reason, and something yet more powerful " than either, command me to retire and leave you to " that Tranquillity and Peace, which I must never hope " for

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“ for more ”.----*Your Generosity, Sir, (replied Perselia, not without Confusion) must not cost you so dear ; and I flatter myself that Heaven is too just to punish your Indulgence to us with so much Cruelty ; however, if you carry away with you some Uneasiness for having been too successful, you will at least leave us a Remembrance full of Esteem and Gratitude for your uncommonly generous Behaviour. These Words pronounced with a peculiar charming Grace, added new Force to Zeangir’s growing Passion. His Heart could not forbear murmuring against the hard Necessity of dragging himself from the Pleasure of gazing on the Princess. But resolving to signalize his Love by a Sacrifice of his Quiet, “ Madam, (said he to the Princess) “ forget, I conjure you, if possible, the Alarm I have “ caused you ; and do not hate a Man who can no “ longer be an Enemy to Tachmas, since he’s Perselia’s “ Slave”. The Prince accompanied this Discourse with an Air so submissive and passionate, as did not a little touch the Sophy’s Daughter. Go, Sir, (returned the Princess) *preserve these Sentiments of Peace, and be assured that Perselia will omit no Endeavours to oblige Tachmas to renounce his Enmity.* After this, she took her Leave of him with all the Civility she thought due to a Prince of the Royal Ottoman Family, and Zeangir march’d with his Forces towards Mustapha’s Camp in a far different State of Mind than that wherewith he had left it.*

Mustapha, who waited his Arrival with Impatience, saw him return with inexpressible Pleasure, tho’ it was soon dash’d by the Melancholy he observed in his Looks. *What ails you, my dear Brother, (said the Prince, embracing him) and whence can the Disorder I observe in you, proceed ?* Zeangir returning his Ca-

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resses, gave him an Account of his whole Adventure, and the Effect it already had produced. *Mustapha* out of a tender Complacency for the young Prince's Passion, loudly approved it, tho' he well foresaw the fatal Difficulties that opposed its Success, and seeing how far he was prepossess'd, promised to attempt every thing in his Behalf. Soon after they received Information that the Princess of *Persia*, attended with a strong Detachment of *Persian* Cavalry, had left *Mirza* to return to *Tauris*. Her Absence made *Zeangir* sigh, and creased his Melancholy. "I am no more capable (would he often say to his Brother) " of incurring *Perselia's* Hatred by new Efforts against hers, nor will I, " to glut the implacable Sultān with Revenge, fill those " Eyes, that have so powerfully charmed me, with fresh " Tears ".---- *The Season is favourable to our Retreat* (reply'd *Mustapha*) *and therefore, since we can make it without Shame, or Fear of being accused of Treason, let us return to Amasia.* " Oh! *Mustapha*, (cry'd the amorous *Zeangir*) " I cannot leave *Persia* till I " am better inform'd of my Doom; and 'tis now your " Friendship must shew its Indulgence to me". *Well then* (return'd *Mustapha*) *however great be the Danger, I'll follow you to Tauris.* " No, (reply'd *Zeangir*) " I will not put your Friendship to such a Trial; " you owe yourself to an Army, that might suffer from " your Absence. Therefore permit me to go alone to " those Places, which my *Perselia's* Presence makes " me so desirous of seeing. I am not known there, " perhaps I shall not be happy enough to make a long " stay, and if Love prove but favourable to my Wishes, " assure yourself that I need fear no Danger. *Mustapha* in vain opposed the Resolution, and being obliged to yield to the Prince's Importunity, he march'd the

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Ottoman Forces into Winter-Quarters, seeing the *Sophy* had already sent his Troops to their own.

In the mean time the passionate *Zeangir*, accompanied with only *Iduf*, the Confident of his Secrets, took the Road to *Tauris*, habited like a *Persian* of Distinction. One may justly say, that he was not guided by Prudence, but rather that he marched under the Conduct of a more blind imperious Deity, without the least Assurance of Success ; less enlightned by Reason than young *Mehemet*, the *Sophy's* second Son, by his Eyes, he followed the Dictates of his tumultuous Transports, without reflecting on the Difficulty of his Enterprize ; the impetuous Speed of his Horses, to him appeared uncommonly slow, and he soon saw the lofty Towers of *Tauris*, whose magnificent Pyramids hid their proud Summits among the Clouds. The Difficulty of gaining Admittance to the *Sophy's* Court, was by far less great than to the Sultan's Seraglio ; the least Acquaintance or Liberality being sufficient for Introduction. *Zeangir's* Person was formed of a manner as might even every where command particular Marks of Distinction ; and having never been seen but at the taking of *Mirza*, by some *Persians*, who in the Disorder of the Defeat could not be supposed to have preserved any perfect Idea of him, he boldly enter'd *Tauris*, and soon after repaired to the Palace, being well vers'd in the *Persian* Tongue. The *Sophy* and his two Sons were at the Mosque ; *Zeangir*, hurried on by his Passion, enquired after the Princess : The Person he address'd himself to was an Officer of the *Sophy's* Household, courteous, as a Man of Quality ought to be, and naturally very obliging. He answered the Prince, that after having run several dangerous Hazards at *Mirza*, she was at length returned to *Tauris*, but plung'd in so deep

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deep a Melancholy, as render'd her inaccessible to any but those of the Royal Family. *Zeangir*, ingenious in tormenting himself, presently imagin'd that her Melancholy was a consequent Effect of the Indisposition which had obliged her to leave *Tauris*, and was sorry to have been the Cause of her Return thither. As there was something nobly great and very engaging in *Zeangir's* whole Person, the *Persian* Officer, to whom he was speaking, at first sight, conceived no small Esteem of him. The Prince, who perceived it by his uncommon Civility, took care to insinuate himself yet farther in his Favour, and told him, that being desirous of visiting the Sophy's Court, amidst his other Travels, he had had the Satisfaction of seeing it all except the Princess. *Alizan*, willing to oblige him, answered, That he would easily procure him that Pleasure, if, when the Sun began to decline, he would repair to a certain Place in the Queen's Garden, which he would now shew him. The young Sultan followed the courteous *Alizan*, who led him to a most charming part of the Garden, where, he told him, at the Time appointed, to wait the Princess's coming; that he might, if he pleas'd, walk about till then, and, as he was a Stranger, answer, that the Beauty of the Place had alone brought him there, in case any Questions should be ask'd him about it. *Zeangir* returned the *Persian* Thanks, and they parted till the time of *Perselia's* walking. Those wish'd-for Moments, which had put the Prince's Patience upon the Rack, at length arrived. *Soliman's* Son returned to the Garden. *Perselia* appeared, and with her all the Graces. The different Emotions he felt at sight of the charming Object of his Wishes are better imagin'd than express'd. Beyond his Hopes, the Princess sat down with *Alinda* her Confident, in a dark
shady

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shady Grotto. Zeangir immediately drew up to a Place, where he might unseen behold her, and gazed on her with Eyes of Love and Admiration: *Perselia's* on the contrary, were full of Languor, and a remarkable Negligence appeared in her Dress: But this, without taking any thing from those thousand different Charms she held of Nature, only render'd her more irresistably beautiful and dangerous. *Alinda*, (said the Princess, after they were sat down) *didst thou well observe the Sophy, when he mentioned his Disposition to a Peace with the Ottomans? Tir'd with the Effusion of so much innocent Blood, troubled with no ill-grounded Fears, to see his Enemies in a Capacity of extending their Conquests to Tauris, I am positive he would consent to one with Pleasure, if Soliman could be prevailed on to propose it. Alas! we then should be free from all Alarms, and spend our future Days in the calm Pleasures of Tranquillity and Peace.* " But, " Madam, (return'd *Alinda*) can you rank in the number of your Enemies, that young Prince, who shew'd you so much Submission and Generosity at *Mirza*, " and without Fear of *Soliman's* absolute and severe " Authority, disposed of your Beauty in Favour of it " self. The Disorder that then appeared in his Looks, " was mix'd with so much Tenderness, such Apprehension of offending, that one may easily conclude, " that all the Sultan's Blood is not animated with the " same Spirit of Revenge against the Sophy's ".----- *And, what wouldst thou infer* (added the Princess) *from this Difference of Sentiments in the Ottoman Family?* " That Prince Zeangir adores you (returned *Alinda*.) ---- *Alas!* (interrupted the Princess) *that were to make us both superlatively wretched; what Advantage could be expect from such a Passion, but to*
ruin

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ruin his Quiet and my Repose. No, he can ne'er be destin'd to so great a Misfortune, nor I exposed to so much Sorrow. " But, Madam, (pursued *Alinda*) is " it possible that with the Penetration you are Mistress " of, you could have been Witness of his Words and " Actions without diving into their true Cause "? Ob ! *Alinda*, (added the Princess) *How happy would it sometimes prove to be stupid and blind like my two Brothers, Ismael and Mehemet ? My Eyes, alas ! are but too good, my Soul but too susceptible !*

During this Conversation, *Zeangir* was agitated beyond Imagination ; extatic Joy fill'd his transported Soul ; the Princess had taken notice of his Passion, remember'd it without Anger, and in all probability thought of it with Pleasure. Hurried on by a Crowd of tumultuous Desires, he was just entering the Grotto, when *Perselia* left it, and directed her Walk towards the Place where he stood. The Difference of Habit had made no Alteration in the Prince : *Perselia* sufficiently preserved the Idea of his Person, to remember it. The Surprise it gave her troubled all her Senses, and without the Help of *Alinda* she had not been able to support herself. *Zeangir*, perceiving her Emotion, trembled with fear of having displeased, and advanc'd towards her with all the Bathfulness of a young Lover. " Madam, (said he, kneeling to *Perselia*) I conjure " you not to be angry with a Wretch who could not absent himself from you, perhaps for ever, without assuring you once more, that no Passion, however great " or violent, ever equalled his. My Presence at *Tauris* " cannot give you any Fear----Alas ! I come not here " to conquer----Pity, for long and cruel Suffering is all " I ask".----The Prince would have said more, but *Perselia*, who had Time to recover herself, interrupted him,

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him. *My Lord* (said she) you cannot doubt but your Presence equally surprizes and afflicts me; 'tis not that I have lost the Memory of your late generous Behaviour, but you are sufficiently acquainted with our Laws, and the Duties to which the Condition of our Sex subjects us, not to know that even a sight of Men, and especially such as you, is strictly prohibited us, and that we dare not suffer it, without exposing ourselves to Shame and Sorrow. Besides, Sir, your Person is not safe at Tauris, and I should perhaps see you with less Repugnance arm'd, than now you are unprovided for Defence. "What has Zeangir to fear from the Severity of Tachmas, (cry'd the young Prince) if Perselia designs to look on him without Horror and Disdain? The Fear of Death gives me no Apprehension, but that of your Hatred tortures beyond Expression?" Hatred (reply'd the Princess) seldom finds room in grateful Souls, and 'tis not that, my Lord, you need apprehend; I should see you with Pleasure, could I do it without Danger; but since Decorum and the Enmity of our Families forbids us any mutual Intelligence, Go, Zeangir, and retire to Turkey. "What must I do there (reply'd the Prince) but languish and despair?" Strive to procure a Peace (added Perselia, with an Air of Tendernefs) between the two contending Monarchs; if that were once happily settled----As she was going on, the Sophy appeared at a distance, and Zeangir was obliged not only to leave the Garden, but even Tauris, by the Princess's Command, who in parting saluted him with an Air full of Kindness and Civility.

The afflicted Zeangir, in Obedience to Perselia's Will, departed, carrying away with him, from this second Interview, a fresh Increase of Love, and Thoughts

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which fluctuated betwixt Hope and Despair : The Princefs appeared favourably disposed to a Peace ; he had gathered from her Coverfation with *Alinda*, that *Tachmas* might easily be brought to consent to one, and there was nothing but he could expect from *Mustapha's* sincere Friendship for him ; but that Prince as well as himself were dependant on absolute Power, and had besides the Torrent of an ambitious Step-mother's Envy and Hatred to them. The Destiny of most part of the Princes of his Blood presented him with sad and dreadful Objects. With these melancholy Ideas he arrived at *Mustapha's* Quarters, whom he informed of the Success of his Journey : The Prince appeared extremely well pleas'd with the Sophy's Dispositions to Peace ; and resolv'd to prevent him artfully on that Head, without acquainting *Soliman*, his Friendship for *Zeangir* being capable of engaging him in the most difficult Enterprizes.

Of all those *Turks* who were more than ordinarily attach'd to *Mustapha*, *Achmet* was the most assiduous, but the less faithful ; yet this Man had had the Care of the Prince's Infancy, and was by him trusted with his most secret Affairs : However, thro' a tender, generous Precaution *Mustapha* resolv'd not to expose *Zeangir* to *Achmet's* Discretion, tho' he had no Reason to suspect it ; for tho' he deputed him with Propositions of Peace to *Tachmas*, and to demand his Daughter *Perselia* in Marriage for one of *Soliman's* Sons, yet in the Letters and Orders he gave him, every thing appeared in his own Name.

The treacherous, sordid *Achmet* had not resisted *Roxelana's* and *Rustan's* repeated Benefits ; dearly he sold *Mustapha's* Secrets ; and that he now saw himself Master of, being more important than the rest, he founded there-

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thereon great hopes of considerable Gain ; instead of going to *Tauris*, he took a quite different Road, and dispatch'd a Messenger to the Sultaneſs with the Prince's Letters. At his Return he told his Maſter that *Tachmas* had only laugh'd at his Preſumption, and was to ſend word of it to *Soliman*, to let him underſtand into what faithful Hands he truſted the principal Forces of the Empire. This unexpected Answer ſurprized *Mustapha*, but afflicted him more. His Reaſon had often told him that he was doom'd to fall a Sacrifice to *Roxelana's* Artifice ; and not doubting but he had now ſigned his own Death, he charged the Traytor *Achmet* to keep this Diſappointment ſecret to *Zeangir*, and only tell him that the Sophy had ask'd ſome Time to determine on an Answer.

In the mean time the unfortunate Letters which the deteſtable *Achmet* had remitted to the Sultaneſs, produced terrible Effects at *Constantinople*: The Sultan had no ſooner read them, but he gave all imaginable Tokens of Diſtraction, threatening no leſs than Death and Ruin to *Mustapha*, *Tachmas*, and all *Persia*. *Roxelana*, to heighten his Reſentment, perſwaded him that *Mustapha* had courted the Sophy's Alliance, with no other View than to deprive him of his Throne and Life ; and this Thought took ſuch deep Root in his credulous Breſt, that all the Tyes and Rights of Nature vaniſh'd before it. He ordered the Forces of the whole Empire to be raiſed, and tho' he bent under the Weight of Years, and ought to have been ſated with Glory, he put himſelf at the Head of a formidable Army, with which, and his dear *Roxelana*, who had no mind to leave him to himſelf at this critical Juncture, he travers'd *Asia*, where his Arms proving as ſucceſſful as in his Days of Youth, he performed ſeveral

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Actions which deserved a better Cause. * *Soliman*, who knew by Experience that *Tachmas* wanted neither Power nor Courage to oppose the Progress of his Arms, would not advance farther than *Syria*: But desirous of having the Princess of *Persia* in his Power, he promised *Rustan* every thing in case he could make him Master of that dangerous Beauty. *Roxelana's* Agent wanted neither Resolution nor Cunning for unjust or rash Enterprizes. He repairs to *Tauris*, and by a Stratagem worthy *Soliman's* Choice of him, brought away *Perselia* from her Father's Court, filling the Sultan with inexpressible Joy at the happy Success of his Crime. The haughty Sultaneſs fearing lest those prodigious Charms which Fame attributed to *Perselia* might excite *Soliman's* Curiosity, and supplant her in his Affections, prevailed on him not to see the Princess, and ordered her to be closely guarded in a particular Tent. But notwithstanding all *Rustan's* Precautions for that Purpose, *Bajazet* however, either by Design or Chance, saw, and at first sight conceived a violent Passion for her. The Discovery of a Torment, to which he had hitherto been a Stranger, was immediately followed with a Reflection on the most proper Means to remedy it; to effect which, without Regard or Fear of *Roxelana*, he put every thing in practice; Prayers, Threats and Bribes, to molest the fair *Perselia* with a new kind of Persecution.

Fame had now too well informed *Zeangir* that *Mustapha* was accused of being of Intelligence with *Tachmas*; and the two Princes being cited to appear before *Soliman*, *Zeangir*, who knew that the Crime laid to his Brother's Charge was in effect his own, resolved openly to declare his Passion for *Perselia*. At their Arrival,

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* De Thou Hist. of the Turks.

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the People, who generally adored *Mustapha*, shouted the dear Name with universal Acclamations. The haughty Sultaneſs hearing theſe hated Clamours of Joy, redden'd with Rage, and the Sultan was ſo incenſed, that he not only refus'd to ſee the Prince, but alſo order'd him to cloſe Cuſtody. *Zeangir* indeed, remained in Appearance free ; but, alas, how extremely wretched was the Situation of his Mind : He ſaw his Miſtreſs, whom he lov'd with the moſt violent Tranſports, and his generous Brother, who was a thouſand times dearer than his Life, both ſubjected to the Power of an implacable Prince, and barbarous Queen, and inceſſantly accus'd himſelf as the only Author of their Miſfortunes. The Sultan received him with a ſtern Air of Severity, but *Roxelana* with ſo much Pride and Indignity, that he deteſted the Birth ſhe had given him. “ You have “ favour'd *Mustapha's* Paſſion (ſaid ſhe to the Prince, when they were in private) “ and 'twas no doubt for “ that vile unworthy Employment, you appeared ſo “ deſirous of reſiding at *Amazia*”. Neither in my Commerce, Madam, (reply'd the Prince) nor in my Friendſhip for him, nor in my whole Conduct, have I done any thing to offend my Father's Maſteſty, or yours ; *Mustapha*, to whom you impute an already proſcrib'd Paſſion, is truly innocent, and you cannot be ignorant of his Love and Conſtancy to his Wife *Cameria*. “ We “ are yet as ignorant of his Intrigues, (returned the Sultaneſs) “ as moſt of his ſecret Tranſactions with our “ Enemies ; but what we know of his Treafon ſhall be “ ſeverely puniſh'd ; *Soliman's* Safety demands a Life “ which inceſſantly threatens his own”. ----How, Madam, (interrupted *Zeangir*) Do you thus condemn the greateſt, beſt and moſt illuſtrious Prince that e'er the Royal Ottoman Family could boaſt of ; and when every

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every Heart declares itself in favour of his Virtue, can yours alone appear untouch'd? “ Unworthy Boy, (reply'd the Sultaneſs) “ vile and befotted Slave to thy “ bold impious Brother ; has *Roxelana's* Offspring “ then nor Merit, Glory, nor good Qualities ? And muſt “ the Advantage of Eldership be an Addition to a Man “ whom my Hatred has long ſince proſcrib'd ? Who “ is ſufficiently odious to me ſince he diſpleaſes me, and “ criminal enough, to dare, without regard to his Fa- “ ther, conceive a Paſſion for the Daughter of his moſt “ inveterate Enemy “. *Oh ! do not wrong his Truth,* (returned the Prince) *ſuch Crimes are Strangers to his Virtues ; 'tis for my ſake alone that he courted the Sophy's Alliance : 'Tis Zeangir only who loves, and muſt for ever love Perſelia ; and that Prince whom you ſo unjuſtly perſecute, clearly demonſtrates the Greatneſs of his Soul by preſerving my Secret with the Hazard of his Life.* “ Poor weak Eviſion (purſued the Sultaneſs) “ but, *Zeangir*, thy Artifice will “ be to no purpoſe : Do not expoſe thyſelf to a Father's “ Indignation by profeſſing a Paſſion which he diſap- “ proves ; and conſider that a Friend to *Tackmas*, and “ *Perſelia's* Lover, can be but an Object of Hatred and “ Horror to *Soliman*.

But while the Sultaneſs and her Son were engaged in Converſation, *Soliman* had privately ſent for *Mustapha* ; and the Sight of this beloved Prince recalled all the Father in his Soul ; *Mustapha* liſten'd without Interruption to his firſt Reproaches ; and then with a manly Boldneſs, ſuch as is always inſeparable from Truth, confeſs'd his having wrote to *Tackmas* of Peace without the Knowledge of his Highneſs ; he afterwards re- preſented to him the Advantages that would accrue to the Kingdom in general from an Alliance with *Persia*,
revealed

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revealed the Secret of *Zeangir's* Love for *Perselia*, and concluded with assuring him, that in what he had done, he had only the general Good of the People, who were already tired with War, and the Happiness of his Brother in View. While the Prince was thus speaking, *Morat*, one of the Sultan's Favourites, and who, next to *Rustan*, had the freest Access to his Person, sent to ask Leave to confer with him on Affairs of Consequence in private. *Mustapha* was ordered back to his Tent, and then *Morat* inform'd the Sultan that *Bajazet* was fallen in Love with *Perselia*, and left no Stone unturn'd to gain Admittance to her. *Bajazet's* immoderate Pride and Ambition were no less formidable to *Soliman*, than *Mustapha's* and *Zeangir's* Virtues; a thousand different Thoughts all equally perplexing and terrible, crowded at once into his Memory; he recall'd to Mind the most horrid Occurrences in the *Ottoman* Empire for several Ages past; the Murders and Parricides committed under the Reigns of his Predecessors, the little Faith and Humanity that reigned among the *Ottomans*; in short, Reason debilitated by Age, so powerfully confirmed his Fears, that nothing was exempt from his Suspicions: *Roxelana's* Presence could not remove the Agitations of his Mind. "Madam, (said he to her, with a wild disorder'd Air) "you see
"me perhaps on the point of Ruin, and the Sophy's
"Daughter has but too well reveng'd him on his Enemies; *Bajazet* and *Zeangir* are Rivals: We have
"all to fear from the first, and must be on our Guard
"against the other: *Mustapha* I have already seen,
"and nothing speaks to me against him; his Weakness
"is an Effect of his Friendship to *Zeangir*; and 'tis
"on his Account alone, that he has courted the Sophy's
"Alliance. *Bajazet*, your Darling *Bajazet*, is the
"only

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“ only Criminal, presuming on your Indulgence, he
 “ bribes *Perfelia*’s Guards, to gain Admittance to her,
 “ and impudently triumphs over your Credulity, while
 “ *Rustan* strives to incense me only against *Mustapha*”.
I am too sensible (reply’d the dissembling Sultaneſs) of
the Uneasineſs my Children give your Highneſs, and at
the ſame time ſurvey your Son with all the Admira-
tion that is due to his exemplary Virtue. Your Chiefs
and Soldiers only ſpeak of him, and with repeated
Shouts teſtify their unanimous Approbation of ſo wor-
thy a Succeſſor of your Throne. “ Oh! Madam,
 (cry’d the Sultan with a Sigh) “ if *Mustapha*’s Impa-
 “ tience answered their Zeal, ſoon ſhould I find myſelf
 “ in the Number of thoſe Fathers, whom old Age ren-
 “ dering deſpicable, fall a Sacrifice to the Ambition of
 “ their Children”. *I cannot think that Muſtapha*
would wrong you, (return’d the Sultaneſs) but yet my
Paſſion for your Highneſs fills me with inceſſant Ap-
prehenſions: His hitherto profound Reſpect and Vir-
tue may vaniſh before the more prevailing Power of
Ambition: Then, who to my perhaps prophetic Fears
and Tenderneſs, alarm’d, ſhall answer for thy Safety?
And that Muſtapha will always be the ſame? “ Oh!
 “ *Roxelana!* (cry’d the Sultan) what Diſorder, what
 “ Tumult have you raiſed in my diſtracted Soul; let
 “ *Muſtapha* be more cloſely confined than ever, *Per-*
 “ *ſelia*’s Guard doubled, *Bajazet* and *Zeangir* narrow-
 “ ly watch’d, and give ſuch neceſſary Orders, ſuch pub-
 “ lick Proofs of my Authority, that no one may dare
 “ to controul it.

Roxelana having thus ſucceſſfully intimidated her
 Husband, retired to put his Commands in Execution,
 and *Rustan* received them with no ſmall Pleaſure. *Well,*
 (ſaid ſhe to that faithful Agent of her Malice) at
 length

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length we triumph : Soliman trembles with Fear of impending Ruin, and we have now perfected Mustapha's long-wish'd-for Destruction. Our only remaining Obstacle is Zeangir ; but he loves Perselia, and we must amuse him by that powerful Interest, while I endeavour to remove Bajazet's most unseasonable Passion : If one of the two must incur the Sultan's Displeasure, I had much rather it were Zeangir, than him to whom my Tenderness has destin'd the Throne, and whatever be the Consequences, I shall be satisfy'd, provided Bajazet reigns. The treacherous Rustan made the Sultane's new Vows of Faith and Cruelty ; and while, by his Direction, Mustapha and Perselia's Guards were doubled, he went to seek Zeangir, whom he found full of Grief at the Sultan's new Severity. " How, my Lord, (said he to the desponding Prince) " is it possible you should be thus buried in a profound " Melancholy so near the Sultan Queen who loves you, " and Persons who have some Credit, and are intirely " devoted to your Interest " . However hateful the Sight of Rustan was to the young Prince, yet could he not, without breach of Good-manners, flye from a Man, who, besides the considerable Rank he held in the Empire, was his Sister's Husband. *My Favour with the Sultane's* (reply'd Zeangir) *and those other Persons that could be useful to me, is very inconsiderable ; and since my Passion for Perselia is at present as well known as my Friendship for Mustapha, I will not pretend to conceal that they alone are the two Causes of my Melancholy.* " The Prince (returned Rustan) is in no " great Danger ; the Emperor's Tenderness will always " protect him against the most criminal Appearances, " and the Precautions he takes for his own Safety, have " no Reason to alarm you : But, my Lord, my Passion

L

" for

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“ for your Sister engages me to favour yours, without
 “ fear of the Emperor’s or Sultan Queen’s Resentment;
 “ *Bajazet* is your Rival; he puts every thing in prac-
 “ tice to gain Admittance to the Captive Princess:
 “ However he can obtain nothing there, but with my
 “ Leave; ’tis for you alone I will employ my Power:
 “ And if you please, you may without the least Diffi-
 “ culty be admitted to *Perselia’s* Tent”. *Oh!* *Rustan*,
 (cry’d *Zeangir*, transported with Joy at the Offer) to
what transcendent Happiness would this never-to-be-
repaid Obligation raise me!---- “ Enough (interrupted
 “ *Rustan*) the Night comes on apace; be discreet only
 “ and follow me”. Love, as *Rustan* had well conjec-
 tur’d, proved all-powerful on this Occasion. *Zeangir*
 only listen’d to the impetuous Dictates of his Wishes;
 his past Misfortunes vanish’d before the transporting
 Thought of seeing *Perselia*, and his Passion for her
 would not then admit of any other Consideration.

The Captive Princess, that had been so cruelly hur-
 ried away from her Palace, knew not at first whom she
 ought to accuse with this Violence, and her Thoughts
 perhaps did Injustice to *Zeangir’s* Respect; but when
 she arrived at the Sultan’s Camp, and heard of *Musta-*
pha’s Disgrace, she was soon convinced the Princes were
 not guilty. The Remembrance she preserved of *Zeangir*
 was not so slight, but employed almost every part
 of her Life. *Soliman’s* Anger made her sometimes
 tremble for the Prince’s Safety, and being ignorant that
Mustapha had been suspected on her Account, because
 that his Letters never reached *Tachmas*, she imagin’d
 that the Sultan’s Resentment proceeded only from the
 too generous Treatment she had received at *Mirza*.
 Their common Misfortunes were often the Subject of
 their Conversation with *Alinda*, and she was then talk-

ing

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ing to her ; when a little Noise she heard at the Entrance of her Tent, obliged her to turn her Head on that side, and she perceived a Man coming in, whom at first she took for *Bajazet*, who, e'er her Guard was changed and doubled, had often importun'd her with his odious Passion ; but a Moment after her Eyes undeceived her, and she saw *Zeangir* at her Feet, before she had time to prevent it. Notwithstanding her present Distress, the Sight of the beloved Prince filled her tender Soul with an agreeable Disorder : *Zeangir*, on the contrary, appeared overwhelmed with Grief. Rage, Indignation, Pity and Despair followed the cruel Reflection of *Perfelia's* fallen Condition and Captivity. The Sentiments of his Soul were too apparent in his Looks to escape the sympathizing Princess ; she sigh'd, and *Zeangir*, (whom *Rustan*, to affect an entire Complaisance had not offered to follow) assuming the Discourse, *Oh, Perfelia !* (said the Prince sighing, in his Turn) *do I behold you Captive in my Father's Tents ? and must the Wretch that has dedicated to your Service the Remnants of his unhappy Life, to his eternal Shame and Sorrow, want the Power of tearing you from those Enemies whom Artifice and Treason have render'd Masters of your Person ? Alas ! How can I bear the Light that shines on this Injustice ? 'Tis not the Fear of Death or Soliman's Resentment, that awes my Resolution : Perfelia's Wrongs are all my own ; the Emperor, the Sultaneſs, and their vile Herd of Flatterers, cannot be Foes to her, without also being Enemies to Zeangir : But what can that weak deplorable Zeangir over an incorruptible Army, who in the Loss of their dear Mustapha, lose the greatest part of their Zeal and Confidence in me. The Prince spoke with so passionate, so moving a Vehemence, that *Perfelia* for-*

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got her own, and only felt his Sorrows. " My Lord, (reply'd the Princess) " your too great Concern for my " Misfortunes does not a little add to what I suffer ; be-
 " lieve me, Prince *Soliman's* Injustice will never lessen
 " my Gratitude to you ; 'tis fix'd and rooted in my
 " Heart ; my present Disgrace is not only my Afflic-
 " tion, and after what you have so generously done for
 " me, I need not blush to own, that your Interest touches
 " *Perselia* a thousand times more than any Fear of
 " what can befall her. But tell me, Sir, what is your
 " Condition at the Sultan's Court ? What will become
 " of *Mustapha* ? What says the Sultan Queen, who are
 " your Friends ? What may you fear, and what have
 " you to hope ?----*Mustapha* (return'd the Prince) is
Prisoner at Roxelana's Mercy, who only breathes his
Ruin. Friends he has none ; and the least treacherous
are sufficiently so to be suspected. To her Indulgence
I owe the Freedom I enjoy, and by Rustan's Assistance
have attained to the unutterable Joy of seeing Perselia,
of gazing on her Charms, of assuring her, that as my
Passion engrosses all----" Alas ! my Lord, (hastily in-
 terrupted the Princess) " How unreasonable at present
 " are the Thoughts of Love----but tell me, is it *Rustan*
 " that has procured you this Interview ? *Rustan*, the
 " curs'd Author of my Captivity, *Rustan*, so devoted
 " to *Roxelana*, and so little capable of any good Action ?
 " Oh ! Prince, fear every thing from his known Malice,
 " his plotting Brain is fruitful of Invention ; his Fa-
 " vours are infected, his Inclinations treacherous, his
 " Designs criminal ; and my foreboding Soul in this
 " Excess of Complaisance suspects some lurking Artifice
 " behind.----*Well, Madam*, (answered the Prince) *be*
Rustan yet a greater Villain than you imagine, be cer-
tain Death the Consequence of his treacherous Strata-

gem,

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gem, compared to the unutterable Pleasure he procures me, it will but poorly recompence his Villainy.-----

“ Zeangir (continued the Princess) be not, I conjure you, blind to your own Dangers : And in these wild, these frantick Transports of your Soul, consider that on *Rustan's* Conduct depends more than one Life ; a Life that's dear to you ; and if you cannot fear for yourself, at least remember *Mustapha* and me”.

Oh! Heavens, (cry'd the passionate Zeangir) *shall I no more enjoy one Moment's Peace? And must such terrible Ideas cruelly break in, and interrupt my present Happiness?* After this the Prince was informed that *Mustapha's* Letters never reached *Tachmas*, and convinced how basely *Achmet* had betray'd them. *Perselia* made no Mystery to him of *Bajazet's* Persecutions ; and, if the Knowledge of his little Merit gave Zeangir no Jealousy, the Experience of his savage Fierceness and Brutality filled him however with unspeakable Terror and Apprehension. But while in *Perselia's* Company he was insensibly forgetting all past Misfortunes, *Rustan* called him away, with a Promise however of procuring him the same Happiness another time. Zeangir took not the least Notice of his Suspicion of him, but even confidently spoke to him of *Bajazet's* Passion : But the Vizier assured him he had nothing to apprehend from that Prince, *Roxelana's* Displeasure at it being an eternal Obstacle to his amorous Pretensions.

Zeangir retired to indulge himself in the ravishing Hope of *Perselia's* being favourably inclined to his Passion, while *Rustan* left him, to give *Roxelana* an Account of what had pass'd. *Bajazet's* unseasonable Love gave her no small Uneasiness. After her Design on *Mustapha's* Life, she had no greater or more important Interest ; and her haughty Soul often sigh'd at it in private-

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vate. *Perselia*, the dangerous beautiful *Perselia*, whose fatal Charms, after a perfect Conquest of *Zeangir*, had subjected to their Sway the fierce, the ambitious *Bajazet* succeeding Transports of Rage proscribed to her Fury. Her next Care was to send for *Bajazet*, whom, with severe Reproaches for his Effeminacy, she strictly enjoined never more to see the Sophy's Daughter; and *Soliman* spoke to him in the same positive and arbitrary Manner; but their Threats only served to inflame his Passion, and incense his Vanity; and thus the *Ottoman* Royal Family saw itself divided between Love and Fury.

As to *Mustapha*, ever since his Departure from *Amaziah*, he had disposed himself to die. *Roxelana* was too well known to him, to expect the least Moderation of her Hatred; and if the Remembrance of a dear Wife and Child shock'd his Constancy, Reason immediately told him that he was only born to die, that his ambitious Step-mother's Rage could only hasten a few Years sooner the Effect of that absolute Necessity, and that a Man of Courage ought always to prefer Death to the uncertain Expectation of a Life grown burthensome with Age, and full of Trouble. His greatest Concern was to be deprived of the Pleasure of seeing *Zeangir*; and as he knew *Perselia* to be a Captive, he doubted not but the Prince's Passion exposed him to a thousand Dangers. *Soliman* incessantly fluctuated in a Sea of Doubts and Fears, which *Roxelana* and *Rustan*, who knew his Weakness, took no small Care to heighten. The Sultaness continually exaggerated how far the Army's Love and the Affection of the Janizaries to *Mustapha* rendered him formidable, and by her Direction a false Report was artfully spread of a general Rising in the Province of *Amaziah* in favour of that unhappy Prince.

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Prince. All *Soliman's* Tendernefs for his Son funk under thefe terrible Ideas: The Thoughts of being depos'd from his Throne in his old Age, exacted the moft barbarous Precautions; his troubled Imagination represented to him the Impatience of Children for their Father's Death, in Expectation of the Crown, with all its horrid aggravating Circumftances; and his Apprehenfion on that Head was the greater, as himfelf perhaps had not been exempt from fuch interefted Wifhes.

" *Mustapha* or I muft fall: (faid he to *Rufan* and *Roxelana*) " My Fate depends on his; and tho' he " were entirely free from Ambition, he is fufficiently " belov'd to occafion fatal Revolutions. Old Age generally expofes Sovereigns to their Peoples Scorn, efpecially among the *Turks*. And tho' the Weight of " Years has not in the leaft leffen'd my Courage, or " render'd me unfit for Government, yet my Son's " Youth and Virtue offer my unconfant Subjects a " more worthy Object of Obedience and Fidelity. " *Mustapha's* beautiful Qualities, which were once the " Happinefs of my Life, are now become its Torments; " let him die or live, I muft be ftill unhappy; if I lofe " my Crown, how deplorable will be my Condition? " And if I facrifice my Son to a perhaps ill-grounded " Suspicion, how great will be my Guilt, how unexampled my Barbarity? My Death will be the certain " Confequence of his ". *Oh!* *Soliman*, (cry'd the diffebling Sultanefs, to difsipate this Shadow of paternal Love) *do not diftract me with that Thought, but by Mustapha's, affure your own far more precious Life. Still let him live, tho' our Destruction and your Fall from Empire follow that neceffary Indulgence.*-----

" No, Madam, (interrupted the Sultan, fir'd to her Wifh) " you fhall not fee fo inglorious a Change in my " Con-

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“ Condition, nor will I tamely wait the Tortures of a
 “ lingering Death, dependant on my Son’s Vanity
 “ and Pleasures. Go, *Rustan*, and while yet I have
 “ Power to bid you---assure my Life and Glory by his
 “ Death---dispatch, precipitate this necessary Crime;
 “ and while you execute my bloody Orders, let me
 “ mourn the curst Necessity to which I am reduced ”.
 The transported *Roxelana* made a Sign to *Rustan* to
 retire, and staid with the Sultan under Pretence of calm-
 ing his Sorrow, but in effect to exasperate him the more,
 and prevent any Return of Tendernefs.

The careful *Rustan* took all the necessary Precautions
 for the Execution of his Orders. He had promised
Zeangir a second Interview with *Perselia*; and to a-
 muse him at this critical Juncture, he attended him to
 her Tent, assuring him that the Emperor beginning to
 relent, had resolved to pardon *Mustapha*, and conclude
 Peace with *Tachmas*. These Assurances, tho’ they
 came from a suspicious Person, were too agreeable to
Zeangir’s Wishes, not to meet with some Belief.
 “ Madam, (said he, accosting the Princess of *Persia*)
 “ I see you now with greater Satisfaction than ever,
 “ since *Soliman* is resolved on Peace, and *Roxelana*’s
 “ Rigour is appeased ”. *Would to Heaven* (replied
Perselia) *that this apparent Calm forebodes no come-*
ing Storm; and that Rustan under these Appearances
of Moderation conceal not some villainous Design.
 “ Alas! Madam, (pursued the Prince) my Fears are
 “ not inferiour to yours; but suffer an unhappy Wretch
 “ to breathe one Moment’s calm Tranquillity at your
 “ Feet, and urge your Pity to his Excess of Love ”.
My Lord, (replied the Princess) *if that alone could*
conduce to your Happiness, it would not long be want-
ing; but how can you admit a Thought of Love, when
Danger

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Danger assails us on every side ? The uncommon Agitation of my Heart, and my late frightful Dreams, assure me of some great Misfortune nigh, and I cannot forbear thinking that this Interview, however innocent, will be our last : Tho' I look on you without Repugnance, and perhaps with Pleasure to my foreboding Thoughts, we seem surrounded with Horror ; my Soul naturally firm, is filled with the most frightful Terrors, and my Heart heaves with strange unusual Sorrow. Oh ! Tachmas, (pursued the Princess with Tears, and raising her Eyes to Heaven) Oh ! Soliman, how dearly does your mutual Hatred cost me !

While Zeangir and Perselia were thus engaged, Rustan, followed by four Mutes, the common Ministers of the Sultan's Vengeance, enter'd Mustapha's Tent. The Prince immediately guess'd the Cause of their coming : " Approach, Rustan, (said he to the Vizier ;)
" thou wert ever the Messenger of Woe, and I too well
" suspect the fatal Purpose of thy Visit. Tell the Sul-
" tan, that I without Regret, resign the Life he gave
" me, and die sufficiently innocent to fill his harden'd
" Soul with never-ceasing Stings of Conscience ; enjoy,
" with Roxelana, the Fruit of all your Artifice and
" Treachery ; I will not recommend to their implaca-
" ble Enemies the Wife and Child of a Prince pro-
" scrib'd even from his Infancy ; kind Heaven will
" make their Innocence its Care. But while my proud
" ambitious Step-mother sheds with Impunity the Sul-
" tan's Blood, charge her from me, at least to spare her
" own. Zeangir's Friendship, and, perhaps, immoderate Grief at my Death, may prove fatal to that un-
" happy Prince. Rustan, be it yours and Roxelana's
" Care to prevent it ; and tell that dear, that worthy
" Partner of my Soul, that he alone employ'd the

M

" latest

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" latest Hours of my Life ". The harden'd *Rustan*, unmov'd at what might have penetrated a Heart of Adamant, ordered the Mutes to perform their barbarous Office. But tho' *Mustapha* despair'd of Life, he thought it injurious to his Glory, tamely to offer his Neck to the Bow-string; and, with a menacing Look on them and *Rustan*, though unarm'd, he fell'd the first that advanc'd to the Ground; and threw himself on the rest with supernatural Force. *Rustan*, frightened at this unexpected Obstacle, drew his Scymetar, and call'd in to his Aid other armed Persons which he had posted at the Entrance of the Tent in case of Resistance. The * unhappy *Mustapha* did things beyond human Force; but was at length o'er-power'd, and by unworthy Hands, lost a Life, whose Glory was its only Misfortune. *Rustan* signaliz'd himself in the bloody Execution; and seeing the Prince expir'd, went to inform *Roxelana* of his Death. The Report of *Mustapha's* Disaster was soon spread all over the Camp. *Zeangir* appriz'd of it, left *Perselia*, and only listening to his Grief, ran to the fatal Scene of Horror; and embracing the dead Body with a Shower of Tears, had it brought, yet reeking with Blood, to the View of the whole Army. The Soldiers at sight of their beloved General could not refrain from Tears. The Janizaries, more impatient, generally cry'd out, that his *Manes* should be appeas'd with Torrents of Blood. The Murmur was universal among them, and they loudly called for Vengeance; *Roxelana* fearing a Revolt, prevailed on the Sultan to shew himself: At sight of this inhumane Father, *Zeangir* lost all Consideration, and made him a thousand Reproaches, which a just Resentment forc'd from his Sorrow: *Reign, cruel Prince* (said he) *at length amidst*

Bloody

* Paul Jov. in Solim. de Reb. Turc.

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Blood and Slaughter, and having made trial of thy Barbarity o'er the noblest Part of thy Race, extend it thro' the whole Universe. To Rustan and Roxelana leave that Empire which their Artifice has usurp'd on thy Credulity. 'Twas not thy Son, the generous Mustapha, thou hadst Cause to fear (his every Deed, every Action of his Life, were certain Proofs of his Respect and Virtue) but rather their impious Rage and thy besotted Weakness. Consider, that thou art now left to the Mercy of thy Son's Murderers, and that those who sacrific'd Mustapha to Roxelana, may also Soliman to Bajazet : Live, thou unnatural Father ; but live with everlasting Stings of Conscience, a Prey to the Horrors of Suspicion and Diffidence ; and deprived of all thy past Glory, which thou hast now buried under a Heap of Crimes as great as our Misfortunes. Protect Perselia's Innocence and Virtue, while I, who burn with Envy of rejoining Mustapha, will put it past thy Power to use me like him ? After this he threw himself on the dead Body, and embracing it with all the Transports of a real Grief, plung'd a Poinard into his Breast, and expired a Moment after.

Soliman, struck with Horror and Repentance, retir'd to his Tent detested by the whole Army. Mustapha's Death soon comforted Roxelana for the Loss of Zeangir ; she employ'd all her Care and Cunning to mitigate the Soldiers Fury, which threaten'd nothing less than a general Revolt : Never was Night more terrible than that which followed the Death of the two Princes. All the Camp was in Tears ; the beautiful Perselia then felt all her Passion for Zeangir, and listning only to the Dictates of her Love, took no Care to conceal the Excess of her Sorrow. In the first Transports of her Grief what did she not say to Bajazet, who in the

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present Confusion had found Means to penetrate into her Tent: The Prince perceived with Rage how far *Zeangir* had been belov'd, and congratulated himself on the Loss of so dangerous a Rival: But whatever he could say, promise or offer, the Princess only returned him Looks full of Anger, Scorn and Sorrow. An absolute Order from *Roxelana* drew him at length from the Place, and freed *Perselia* from his importunate Presence. *Alinda* combated her Despair with all the Rhetorick she was Mistress of; but all her Endeavours could not in the least remove her Sorrow.

Soliman, after the Loss of his two Sons, was very near losing his Reason also. A thousand times in an Instant he curs'd *Roxelana* as the Author of his Woe, and the next Minute took her to his Arms. *Rustan* however was obliged to avoid his Presence, and leave the City; and the Sultan, mov'd with the Report of *Perselia's* Grief and Condition, resolved to send her back to *Persia*. *Roxelana*, fearing the Power of her Charms over *Bajazet*, and satisfied with what she had already done, did not oppose her Departure. The Princess left the Camp to return to *Tauris*; and *Bajazet* in vain attempted to force her from the Detachment that was sent with her. The fair afflicted *Perselia* was thus restored to her Father, who was preparing to arm all *Asia*, to free her from Captivity, and he saw her safely returned to his Court with unimaginable Joy.

* *Roxelana's* Art soon mitigated the Sultan's Sorrow. *Rustan* was recall'd, and these obdurate Monsters soon after forced him to consent to the Death of *Mustapha's* Son, who, tho' yet an Infant, might, as they represented, occasion great Disorders. Assassins hired for that Purpose were sent to *Amazia*, and this
hopeful

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hopeful Son of an illustrious Father, together with his Mother *Cameria*, fell a deplorable Sacrifice to *Roxelana's* yet unfated Cruelty.

But this inhumane, ambitious, haughty, treacherous Woman, this Prodigy of Vice and Barbarity, after having spent two Years longer in persecuting Innocence and Virtue, and carried her Credit and Power beyond any Instance which past and future Ages can produce of absolute Authority over an Husband, died of a natural Death, and with her guilty Life resigned that unlimited Power which had cost her so many Crimes. *Soliman* paid uncommon Honours to her Memory, and continued a long time inconsolable. The Remnant of his unhappy Life saw itself exposed to the Hazards of a Revolution ; which *Bajazet* in vain attempted : His Antipathy to *Selim*, which would often break out into open Quarrels, prov'd at length the Cause of his Death. The aged Sultan, who sympathized in every thing with *Roxelana*, but her ill-plac'd Tendernefs for *Bajazet*, publicly espoused the other's Cause. The haughty Prince, whose Passion for *Perselia* was still violent as ever, fled for Refuge to her Father. But she, unable to forget *Zeangir*, whose deplorable Fate seemed to have condemn'd her to eternal Sorrow, received him with her usual Indifference, and afterwards treated him with insupportable Disdain. *Tachmas* testified at first some Confidence for the Prince, but soon after retracted it. In short, the two contending Monarchs made Peace : *Bajazet* seeing himself deprived of *Tachmas's* Friendship, and despairing to succeed with *Perselia*, only listen'd to the impetuous Transports of disappointed Love and Vengeance ; several Conspiracies were by him formed and carried on in the Sophy's and Sultan's Dominions ; and this worthy Object of *Roxelana's* most tender

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tender Affection, this Darling Son, for whose Sake she had done so much, met at length Prince *Mustapha's* Fate, and was, by his Father's Order, privately strangled; leaving the Hopes of Empire to his now only surviving Brother *Selim*, who accordingly, after *Soliman's* Decease, ascended the Throne of *Turkey* with the most splendid Pomp and Magnificence.



MARIA



MARIA de PADILLA

under DON PEDRO King of SPAIN.



If ever Man deserved to be detested for his Crimes, * it was certainly *Don Pedro* King of *Castille*, firnam'd the *Cruel*: He derived his Birth from *Don Alphonso* and *Maria* of *Portugal*; and *Rome* suffered less under the Tyranny of *Nero* and *Caligula*, than *Spain* under this infamous Prince.

The first remarkable Actions of his Reign were to abandon *Leonora de Gusman*, his Father's Concubine, to the jealous Fury of Queen *Mary*, (who caused her to be put to Death with incredible Torments) and afterwards to persecute her Offspring by the King.

Don Frederic, Great Master of the Order of *St. Jago*, was the eldest of Five, tho' the same Day that brought him to Light, gave also Birth to his Brother *Don Henry*. His Person was beautiful to Excess, and he had received from Heaven all the Requisites for an accomplish'd Prince. Nature, tho' less prodigal of her Favours

* Froustard, Lib. I.

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Favours to *Don Henry*, had however been indulgent also to him. *Don Tello* was extremely amiable in his Person, of a bold daring Spirit, truly honest, and naturally amorous. *Don John* and *Don Pedro* were yet Infants, and capable of little.

But their Merit and good Qualities, which justly endear'd them to the *Castillians*, render'd them but too formidable to the King. The unhappy Fate of *Leonora de Gusman*, their Mother, who had brought them up with so much Tendernefs, fill'd them with inexpressible Grief. *Don Frederic*, more discreet, and less turbulent than his Brother, stifled his Sorrow, but *Don Henry* and *Don Tello* gave an unbounded Loose to theirs; and after several fruitless Attempts to revenge their Mother's Death, mortify'd *Don Pedro's* Vanity by gaining several of the most considerable in the Kingdom to their Party: *Don Henry* with a great Number of Forces retir'd to *Arauda de Duero*, and *Don Tello* to *Gijon*, where the King immediately pursued them.

* During the Preparations of War against these illustrious Rebels, the well affected *Castilians* proposed the unfortunate Marriage of *Blanche*, Daughter to *Charles* Duke of *Bourbon*, and Sister to *Joan* Wife of *Charles V.* King of *France*. *Don John de Ruelas*, Bishop of *Burgos*, and *Don Alvaro Garcia d'Aiburos*, were deputed Ambassadors on this Occasion, and received that beautiful Princess for their savage Master, to whose impious Cruelty she afterwards fell a deplorable Sacrifice.

But while the Negotiations were carrying on, the King fate down with a numerous Army before *Gijon*, and this Siege kindled in his brutal Soul a Passion as violent as it was unlawful, and out of season,

* Mariana Hist. Hisp. Lib. 16. p. 17.

Don

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Don Alphonso d'Albuquerque, the Queen-Mother's Confident, and the King's Favourite, generally accompanied his Majesty wherever he went, and *Leonora* his Wife, to oblige her Husband, had followed him in this Expedition.

As her Fortune and Rank were the most considerable, her Attendants were numerous and magnificent, composed of beautiful young Ladies from the best Families in *Spain*. Among these, *Madam d'Albuquerque* particularly distinguished *Maria de Padilla*, who, in the Bloom of Youth and Beauty, was Mistress of a thousand different Charms. Her Stature was low, but all the Graces seem'd to have join'd in the Composition of her Person; the Whiteness of her Skin, the Vivacity of her Eyes, and the Regularity of her Features, render'd her irresistably charming; her Temper was gay and sprightly, her Wit quick and penetrating----but her Soul proud and ambitious to Excess. She was a perfect Mistress in the *School of Artifice*, and would stick at nothing to compass her Designs. *Don Pedro* saw her at the Siege of *Gijon*; and at first Love and Cruelty disputed the Sovereignty over his Heart: In short, his Passion for her grew so violent, that he neglected the Care and Business of War, and lost all Thoughts of his Bride, to devote himself entirely to his new Mistress, who, on her Part, was too self-interested and ambitious to neglect so glorious a Conquest.

Madam d'Albuquerque made scruple at first to favour an Intrigue of this Nature: But her Severity soon acquiesc'd with that establish'd Custom of Courts; *Gijon* surrender'd: War gave way to the more soft Employment and Business of Love; a Treaty was concluded, and the reconciled Princes returned together to *Valladolid*.

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* Soon after their Arrival a Turnament was by the King's Order appointed at *Toledo*, in Honour of his Mistress; where he display'd his Skill in Gallantry: he enter'd the Lifts, but was wounded in the first Encounter in the Hand, and lost so great a Quantity of Blood, that his Life was thought to be in Danger. During his Illness, *Maria de Padilla* was never from him, and her officious Diligence to serve him, her real or affected Tears proved new Chains to our enamour'd Monarch. Soon after his Recovery, *Blanche de Bourbon*, the fair unhappy Victim of an interested Kingdom, arrived at *Valladolid*: But the Fame of her prodigious Beauty and Virtue gave not the least Curiosity or Desire to the prepossess'd *Don Pedro*; and if his Favourites, and even his Mistress herself, had not in a manner forced him to *Valladolid*, he perhaps had never seen her at all.

Blanche de Bourbon to an inconceivable Beauty join'd a consummate Virtue and Prudence; the Majesty of her Person answer'd the Dignity of her Birth; no Princess ever better deserv'd a Crown than she, and her Subjects had been too happy, if her Authority could have equall'd her good Qualities.

Fame had but too well inform'd her of her intended Husband's Character; and if she knew nothing of his criminal Passion for *Maria de Padilla*, she was however no Stranger to his unbounded Cruelty, and the little Charms he was Master of to repair so great a Defect: But she saw him; her tender Soul was seized with Grief and Horror, and shudder'd at the Thought of her approaching Fate. The numerous Lights which shone on this Interview, it being Night when *Don Pedro* arriv'd, added new Graces to her natural Beauty.

But the stupid, or rather brutal King, untouch'd with a Sight that might have mov'd the most insensible Heart, received her with apparent Marks of Indifference, and his unlawful Passion prevailing over every other Consideration, he impatiently wish'd the Ceremony finish'd, because it detain'd him from his Mistress's Arms.

From the Palace the Court repair'd to Church, the King attended with the Princes of the Blood, his Favourites, and all the Grandees of *Spain*, and the Queen, with an infinite Number of Ladies of the first Quality; among whom *Donna Juana Manuel* and *Donna Juana de Lora*, the fair deserving Objects of *Don Henry* and *Don Tello's* Wishes, shone like two rising Stars in that pompous fatal Day.

Frederic, Great Master of the Order of *St. Jago*, whose Heart had hitherto been free, at sight of the Queen began to feel a powerful Change in his Condition, and perceived that his former Indifference gave way to Desires he had till now been unacquainted with. The matchless Charms of *Blanche*, her pitiful Destiny, and her soft-interesting Melancholy, fill'd him with Sentiments, which he at first took for pure Compassion, but soon found to be Love, resistless, tender, sympathizing Love. During the Ceremony, the ravish'd *Frederic* gaz'd on her with uninterrupted Attention; and as the Queen had never seen a handsomer Man, their Eyes very often met.

The Rites being over, the Court returned to the Palace, where a sumptuous Entertainment was prepared, suitable to the present Occasion. Those who should have been the Soul of the Feast, only spoke by Looks, and those Looks were without Meaning. The Ball which followed the Repast, did not divert this Melan-

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choly ; and every one retir'd full of different Thoughts. The unfortunate *Blanche* was universally pitied ; but *Frederic*, the interested *Frederic*, felt her every Sorrow, and pass'd the Night with all the Torments of a desponding Wretch.

The next Day the young Queen, willing to surmount her Aversion to *Don Pedro*, and with the Help of Reason, and of Virtue, to submit to her present irremediable Condition, made the King a Present of a Diamond Girdle of inestimable Value. *Don Pedro* durst not well refuse it ; and having also made it part of his Dress, that Mark of Complaisance gave the Queen some Comfort.

During his Stay at *Valladolid*, which, tho' but of three Days, were in his Calendar as many Ages ; he received Messenger upon Messenger from his Mistress, whose jealous Fears and Suspicions of his Constancy he at length went in Person to remove. The artful Concubine did not fail to exaggerate what she had suffer'd in his Absence, and perceived with Pleasure by the King's Transports of Joy at the News of her Pregnancy, that he was still as much her Slave as ever.

The Queen's Present immediately dazzled her jealous Eyes ; and *Don Pedro* had no sooner inform'd her from whence it came, than she desired to have one made upon the same Model. The King would have had her keep it, but she, who already destin'd it to the most horrid Purpose, cunningly answer'd, that parting with it so soon would testify an unpardonable Scorn of a Queen, whom Reasons of State oblig'd him yet to manage.

* Among her Followers was a *Jew*, a profess'd Magician, whose Skill in the Black Art, tho' considerable, yet

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yet was by far surpass'd by his Crimes and Villainies. To this Disciple of the Devil, his Pupil, *Maria de Padilla*, committed the Girdle, and the Charm he laid upon it was such, that whenever the King offer'd to put it on, he thought himself surrounded and stung by a Serpent. A less malicious Artifice had been sufficient to ruin the already too unhappy Queen. Our Concubine and her Creatures did not fail accusing her with their Stratagem, representing it in all the horrid Colours which Malice, Art, or even Hell itself, could have invented; and *Don Pedro*, who was already but too well disposed to hate his Queen, sway'd by their Remonstrances, swore to avoid all Communication with her.

In the mean time, the fair unfortunate *Blanche* continued at *Valladolid*, buried in a profound Melancholy, with *Don Frederic*, who, subject to an Empire of which he durst not declare himself a Subject, devoted all his Hours to the same mournful Employment. How often did he inveigh against the unjust Dispensations of Fortune? But, alas! that fickle Deity had yet a greater Misfortune in store for him.

Don Pedro having resolved to return to *Valladolid*, by the Advice of *Albuquerque*, who represented to him, that so open a Neglect of the Queen would inevitably incense *France* against him, and expose him also to the Scorn of other Nations; *Maria de Padilla* followed him, and appear'd without the least Confusion at Court, tho' in a Condition which ought to have fill'd her with Shame. As her Taste was better than her Inclinations, and that her Soul, tho' proud, was yet susceptible of soft Impressions, at first sight she fell in Love with *Frederic*. The King still continued to act inconsiderably against the Light of Reason, and the Dictates of Duty. The fair and melancholy Queen was regardless
of

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of every thing but her Sorrow. *Don Frederic* was secretly dying for her, and *Maria de Padilla* languish'd for him.

As the King's Injustice to *Blanche*, and Attachment to his Mistress, daily increas'd, the People generally began to detest him, and pity their unhappy Queen: But this universal Disaffection, far from reclaiming him, set a greater Edge upon his Cruelty, and no Day pass'd but he signaliz'd it by some barbarous Murder, without respect to Virtue, Age or Innocence. Even his most faithful and beloved Adherents were not without Apprehension, from a Tyrant, who at all Times, and at all Places, violated Laws, both Humane and Divine, and to whose frantick Passions neither Reason or Necessity could put any Limits.

The only thing that could have really touch'd the hardned Monster, he was yet ignorant of. The haughty and impatient *Maria* had Power enough over herself to keep her Passion from *Don Pedro's* Knowledge, tho' she burnt with Desire of revealing it to *Frederic*. Her Eyes, indeed, spoke eloquently; but his Heart, which never sympathiz'd with Vice, did not understand their Meaning; and if he lov'd to Excess, 'twas with excessive Respect, and a Purity worthy the Object of his Passion.

After some Days spent in unavailing Sighs and fruitless Wishes, *Maria* resolved, at the hazard of a few Blushes, to retrieve her fleeting Peace of Mind. *Leonora de Guzman's* Off-spring could expect little Favour from *Don Pedro*: The Source they sprung from exposed them to innumerable Difficulties; the Queen-Mother, vindictive beyond Thought, persecuted her Rival *Leonora*, in her unhappy Progeny; the King hated them, for no other Reason, than because they
were

were unlike him ; and several who had been laid aside in the late Reign, and accused *Leonora* with their Disgrace, continued their Hatred even to her Posterity. These flattering Thoughts, which fill'd *Maria* with the most pleasing Hopes, encourag'd her natural Boldness, and she now only hesitated upon the Difficulty of bringing her Design about. She saw *Frederic* indeed every where, but then she had not every where an Opportunity of entertaining him as she wanted ; and besides, public Places she thought no way proper for Affairs of Secrecy. She had often taken notice of his Melancholy, and all her Penetration could not at first divine the real Cause of it. He avoided gay Company, however agreeable to his Age ; and private Walks seem'd to have a thousand times more Charms for him.

Maria, who observ'd that the Prince generally frequented the most retired Places in the Palace-Gardens, followed him there one Day under pretence of taking the Air, to dissipate a Pain in the Head, attended with only one Woman, the Confusion of her new Passion. After having gone thro' all the Walks without finding him, it happen'd, that passing an unfrequented Grotto, she perceived *Frederic* asleep upon a Bed of Moss. Hurried by her Passion, she left her Attendant, and boldly enter'd the Place. Tho' in a profound Sleep, the Prince's Cares were painted in his Face, his Cheeks were pale, and bore the Marks of fresh-fallen Tears ; and the unaffected Negligence of his Air and Posture sufficiently demonstrated the present Disorder of his Mind.

“ How (said *Maria* to herself) *Frederic* weeps ;---
“ *Frederic* in appearance so indifferent to all the World,
“ haunts Solitude, and languishes in private. It must
“ be Love---for what but Love, despairing, hopeless
“ Love,

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“ Love, could make this strange surprizing Alteration
 “ in his Temper?---But who to fix it on?---Perhaps,
 “ *Don Henry* or *Don Tello's* Choice---But no; his
 “ Eyes are dumb to those my jealous Heart suspects---
 “ Oh! did this sad perplex'd Confusion of his Soul
 “ arise from such soft tender Sentiments for me, his
 “ now despairing Hopes should soon give way to the
 “ same wild Extravagance of Joy my ravish'd Soul a-
 “ vows, at the bare Thought of so much Happiness---
 At that Instant the Prince fetch'd a deep Sigh, and
 turning his Head aside, without waking, she perceived
 an open Pocket-Book, with something wrote on one of
 the Leaves. Impatient to see what it was, she took it
 up; and for fear of being discover'd in her Theft, re-
 tir'd hastily to the Palace, where opening the Book, she
 read the following Lines:

*Almighty Love, tremendous Boy,
 The fruitless Conflict I give o'er;
 A long Farewell to Peace and Joy;
 I yield to thy resistless Power.*

*Confirm'd thy Slave, I'll hug the Dart,
 That fix'd th' aspiring Frederic's Fate;
 No Tell-tale Sigh shall breathe my Smart,
 Nor Vows of Love provoke my Charmer's Hate,*

*Hope I have none---amidst Despair
 Unquench'd my Flame still bright shall burn;
 For, Oh! her Eyes the Wounds they give, endear
 Her Virtues, Love to Adoration turn.*

These Verses confirm'd her jealous Fears, and gave
 her the most exquisite Torments; such submissive and
 respect-

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respectful Sentiments, she was conscious, had no relation to her; her prying Jealousy soon gave into their true Cause, and made her conclude, that the Queen alone could be the Object of so much Tenderness and respect: However, she carefully conceal'd her Theft, referring to her own jealous Eyes the Care of being more fully satisfied in her Suspicions.

In the mean time, *Frederic* waking, miss'd his Book; and tho' he was sensible that no one, by its bare Contents, could form any certain Judgment of his Sentiments, yet the Loss of it threw him into so great a Perplexity and Disorder, that he did not appear at Court all the rest of that Day.

Maria, however, not satisfy'd with what she had already done, resolved to carry the Book back to the Place where she had found it, not doubting but that solitary Retreat was a frequent Witness of *Frederic's* Sighs and Tears; after having taken a Copy of the foregoing Verses, as she had a vast share of Wit, and a natural Talent for Poetry, she composed the following Enigmatical Oracle, which might have embarrass'd others, whose Minds were more at Liberty than *Frederic's*.

O R A C L E.

*Bashful Lover, trembling Swain,
With Assurance speak thy Pain;
Fear no Repulse, or coy Behaviour;
Love and Power court thy Favour;
Love unrival'd, Beauty, Youth,
Wait to crown my Frederic's Truth.*

*Bashful Lover, trembling Swain,
With Assurance speak thy Pain.*

Having wrote this under the other Verses, she carried the Pocket-Book to the Grotto; where *Frederic*, led there by his Melancholy, soon found it; and with Surprise and Grief read the Oracle it contain'd. The Hand was very well disguis'd; and besides, the Prince knew nothing of it. This unexpected Adventure threw him into a perfect Labyrinth of Thought, all equally perplexing, and gave him inexpressible Uneasiness. The Queen he thought was plainly hinted at, and himself supposed to be in Love with her: Sometimes indeed a flattering Hope endeavoured to persuade him, that she herself was concerned in this Contrivance; but that Thought his Respect condemn'd as too presumptuous, and it vanish'd as soon as born.

The Court being one Day at the Queen-Mother's, *Blanche*, handed by *Frederic*, who had met her as she was going out of her Apartment, came in, and with her a new bright Day. An Air of Gladness had diffus'd itself o'er the Prince's Countenance, Joy sparkled in his Eyes, and *Maria*, who too plainly read the Sentiments of his Soul in his ravish'd Looks, was fill'd with unimaginable Rage. "Does not your Majesty think (said she to the King who stood by her) "that there's a
"great Intelligence between the Queen and the Great
"Master of St. *Jago*? He seems to be extremely in
"her good Graces, and, I dare say, her Presents to
"him will never be infected.

'Tis said she's very coverous (reply'd the King) and especially of her Friendship--- "True, (interrupted *Maria*) "if you believe those Fools that are bigotted to
"a stupid Opinion of her Virtue; but all the impartial
"World allows, that the Ladies of *France* are not only
"free, but even prodigal of any thing that can increase
"the Number of their Lovers---but, Sir, methinks
"you

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" you are little jealous of this new Favourite--- *I should be so to Excess*, (interrupted the King in his turn) *if I thought Frederic lov'd you---but my Heart is so little interested for Blanche---so full of your Idea, I can admit no Thought of any other Object.* After this, the King, without taking Leave of any but *Maria*, abruptly left the Room.

Frederic, who stood next to the Queen, could not be Witness of this public Mark of the King's Indifference, this fresh Indignity offer'd to *Blanche*, without a secret Rage: He sigh'd; and the Queen turning to him, " That Sigh, my Lord, (said she smiling) speaks Love, " and without wronging you, I may pronounce you one " of *Cupid's* Votaries ". 'Tis true, *Madam*, (reply'd the Prince) *and the Respect I owe your Majesty will not permit me to deny it; but my Soul is not only open to Love; for what I just now saw has fill'd it with immoderate Resentment.* " Then you are jealous (return'd the Queen;) for that Resentment you " speak of cannot surely proceed from a less powerful " Cause ". *I am as great a Stranger to Jealousy* (answer'd *Frederic*) *as Don Pedro is to Reason and Justice; and I cannot even without the greatest Indignation, see the Object of my Love expos'd to any other Treatment, but such as matchless Virtue and inimitable Beauty deserve from all the World.*

These Words pronounced with Vehemence, and a certain passionate Action, too capable of unfolding their true Meaning, obliged *Blanche* to look downwards, and discovered what pass'd to *Maria*, whose greedy Eyes devoured *Frederic* at a distance. The young Queen, unwilling he should explain himself farther, kept a profound Silence, and seem'd buried in Thought. At that Instant perhaps Love took his Time to open her

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Eyes upon *Frederic's* Merit, and *Don Pedro's* Defects; perhaps her tender Soul, susceptible of soft Impressions, was framing, at that Minute, some innocent Desire or harmless Wish----However it be, she sigh'd in her turn, and *Frederic* resuming his Discourse---- "Would to
 "Heaven, Madam, (said he) our Sighs arose from the
 "same tender Cause, and that---I am surpriz'd (interrupted the Queen hastily) *that you thus dwell upon a thing so common, since there are few Persons sufficiently happy in their respective Situations, to be entirely exempt from Cares and Sorrows. But, Sir, for Heaven's sake, let us end a Discourse which I find may carry us both too far; I see we are observ'd; your Meaning is gather'd from your Looks: Love, Pity, Justice, all should be Suspensions here, and the greatest Happiness one could wish were to be stupid or insensible.*

The Queen, who remark'd, that in effect *Maria's* Eyes were fix'd on *Frederic* and herself, would not wait for a Reply, and went towards *Donna Juana Manuel* and her Sister, whom she saw engaged in a general Conversation with the Queen Dowager, and most part of the Court.

In the mean time *Frederic* and *Maria* were fill'd with Sentiments, which, tho' alike in Cause, were very different in Nature. The Prince in the midst of his Torment, found some Ease in having discover'd part of his Soul to the Queen, without observing any apparent Aversion or Resentment in her Looks. But when he reflected on all those cruel and invincible Obstacles to a more solid Happiness, his Consanguinity to *Don Pedro*, *Blanche's* inviolable Engagements, and a thousand other Difficulties, his Virtue, told him that he could not love with the least Hope; or even with Innocence in-
 indulge

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indulge his Wishes. *Maria*, on her Part, had so much Love, and so little Virtue about her, that 'twas not such weak Considerations that perplex'd her. The blackest Crimes would not have cost her much to purchase her desired Happiness in *Frederic*; but she could think on none to prove successful to her Passion. Her Jealousy suggested to her a thousand different Thoughts on that Occasion, which the next Instant she rejected: In short, all the Horrors of Despair and Rage seizing at once her wild disorder'd Soul, she vow'd Destruction to all *Spain*, in case she saw herself much longer expos'd to the curs'd Torments of unsatisfy'd Desire.

Among the Attendants of her own Sex the Queen had brought over with her from *France*, *Sylvia*, a young Lady of a good Family, had the greatest share in her Affection; attended with this only Confident, the Queen, to indulge her Melancholy, came down into the Palace-Garden. *Sylvia*, who saw her Mistress particularly thoughtful, would not offer to interrupt her; and they had walk'd some time without speaking, when passing accidentally by that Grotto, where *Maria* had found *Frederic* asleep, the Queen, who had never before taken notice of it, charm'd with a Solitude so agreeable to her present State of Mind, was just stepping in, when she heard the Voice of some body, that seem'd earnest in Discourse, and afterwards her own Name mentioned. An Emotion she was not Mistress of, or rather Curiosity, drew her to a Place, where she could conveniently hear what was said, and not be seen; there she soon distinguish'd the Voices of *Frederic* and his Brother *Don Tello*. "In vain you deny it; (said this last) "your Temper is of late so remarkably altered'd, that it were impossible not to have observ'd it. "I own it never was exceeding gay; but then you
"were

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" were not us'd to be thus pensive, thus lost in Thought,
 " and plung'd in deed corroding Melancholy, in love
 " with Solitude, and every Object that may indulge
 " your Sorrow. Your Breast was ne'er before thus big
 " with Sighs, which you in vain endeavour to stifle ;
 " but all your Looks were calm, and free from their
 " present Disorder and Languishment : In short, Bro-
 " ther, you are no longer yourself, and your hitherto
 " obstinate Silence is an unpardonable Injury to our
 " Affection and Friendship : The Misfortune of our
 " Birth, the Death of our Mother *Leonora de Gusman*,
 " and *Don Pedro's* Tyranny, may indeed give you just
 " Cause of Sorrow, and fill you with a generous Indig-
 " nation ; but the present Disorder of your Mind has
 " yet a deeper Root : You are in Love, *Frederic*, and
 " the true Source of all your Care is *Blanche* the
 " Queen ".----*Oh Brother*, (cry'd *Frederic*) *I conjure*
you by our Friendship, never to harbour such a Thought.
Are you ignorant of the Respect I owe the Queen ? Or
her Engagements with Don Pedro ? Or could you think
I would, without being void of Sense, leap into that
dangerous Precipice ? " A Passion born with Respect, and
 " conceived with Innocence, (reply'd *Don Tello*) could
 " ne'er offend the Queen ; but tell me, *Frederic*, and
 " tell me truly, What can you hope from this ill-fated
 " Passion " ? ---- *To die*, (interrupted *Frederic*, with
 Tears he was not Master of) *and die without offending*
Blanche. ---- " If your Grief and Courage are great
 " enough to make you survey Death without Terror,
 (reply'd *Don Tello*) " I hope you have also too much
 " Honour and Religion to have Recourse to so criminal
 " a Remedy. Live, *Frederic* ; let Reason cure you,
 " and consider that your Love cannot subsist with In-
 " nocence.

This

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This Conversation threw the Queen into an inexpressible Agitation of Mind : Her Soul was too equitable to condemn a Man, who lov'd by the prevailing Power of his Destiny ; and there was something in her Heart that would not suffer her to resent it. A secret Sentiment of Pity (and *Love* is the Concomitant of *Pity*) strongly pleaded in the Behalf of *Frederic*, which Duty and Virtue could not entirely stifle. Conscious of her Weakness, the Queen, tho' unobserv'd, blush'd, and chid herself. " Come, *Sylvia*, (said she to her Woman) " let us be gone ; I have heard too much for my " Repose, or perhaps my Honour, which ought to be " a thousand times dearer to me". *I know not, Madam*, (reply'd *Sylvia*) *what Cause your Virtue has to take the Alarm. If it contributes to Prince Frederic's Passion, 'tis only by its Purity, and from my Soul I pity a Man, who, tho' so worthy to be happy, seems to be doom'd to all the Horrors of Despair and Misery----*" Do, *Sylvia*, pity him, (pursued the Queen, bursting into Tears) " but let it be so low I ne'er may " hear thee. To Souls fram'd in the same tender " Mould as mine, Examples of Compassion are contagious----therefore on thy Fidelity, I charge thee " never to mention *Frederic's* Name before me". *Does your Majesty's Hatred then* (reply'd the Trusty Confident) *extend so far as not to hear----*" Oh ! *Sylvia*, (hastily interrupted the Queen) do not press me " too far ; Heaven knows I am far from hating *Frederic*, and I am fill'd with Shame to think I cannot " feel those Sentiments for him my labouring Heart " confesses for *Don Pedro*.

After this, the Queen, with unspeakable Disorder, left the Garden ; when she was gone, *Don Tello* forc'd *Frederic* to a sincere Confession, and satisfy'd himself with

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with pitying him, well knowing, that in Love Reason loses its Prerogatives, and vain Resistance only serves to fix the Tyrant's Power, and confirm the unhappy Lover's Doom.

In the mean time *Maria's* Soul was torn with all the Agonies of hopeless Love, unsated with Desire and frantick Jealousy. The King perceiving this Change in her Temper, and thinking he had too many Witnesses of his Crimes at *Valladolid*, resolved to leave it; and having at *Don Henry* and *Don Tello's* Request given his Royal Approbation to their two-fold Marriages with *Juana Manuel* and *Juana de Lara*, the Nuptials were celebrated before his Departure.

Prince *Frederic*, according to his Brother's Advice, had endeavoured to fix his Eyes upon some fair Object, that might be capable of diverting his Thoughts from the Queen; but finding that impossible, they were now generally fix'd to the Earth. After a magnificent Repast, which Prince *Henry* gave in his own Palace, *Don Pedro*, who with the whole Court had been invited to the Nuptials, took that Time to confer with the Queen-Mother and *Don Alphonso d'Albuquerque* about his intended Departure. *Blanche* was engaged with the two Brides, and *Frederic* unluckily found himself expos'd to a Conversation with *Maria*, whom he detested beyond Thought. " My Lord, (said she, addressing him with unexampled Boldness) " it neither becomes
 " your Age nor Dignity to appear thus pensive and de-
 " jected, in such an illustrious Assembly. One would
 " imagine by your down-cast Looks immovably fix'd
 " to the Earth, that you are in Love with that com-
 " mon Mother of the Heathens, and that because she
 " is dumb, you are resolved to be so too? If, as you
 pretend, I am in Love with the Earth, (reply'd *Fre-*
deric,

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deric, with an Air of Indifference, that sufficiently testify'd his Contempt of her) *I can however boast as many Rivals as she has Kingdoms, and even Provinces, and reckon the greatest Heroes amongst them; so that in the midst of so many formidable Competitors, my present Disorder ought not to be surprizing.* " You might address " your Vows (reply'd *Maria*) to more come-at-able Objects from whom your Merit might expect every thing. " What, (continued she, seeing he hesitated on an Answer) " does that Oracle pose you? And must I be " obliged to unfold its Sense to you? " *That Custom of Antiquity has been long since out of Date* (return'd *Frederic*) *and besides, I doubt you would prove but an indifferent Interpreter of the Decrees of Heaven.* " 'Tis those of Love I mean, (added *Maria*, without the least Confusion) " and if I should explain them " now, it would not perhaps be the first. See there, (continued she, producing the Verses she had copied from his Book) " and judge whether a Heart in so " much Distress, as 'tis here represented, needs not " some Ease or Respite from its Pains ". The Prince at sight of the Verses chang'd Colour, and trembled with fear of having expos'd the Queen to the Indiscretion of this wicked Woman. *Maria* soon read his Disorder in his Looks, and pursuing her Discourse, " I " find you fear me (said she) and 'tis not without Reason, since I can draw considerable Advantages from " your Secret; however, tho' I have it not from you, " I am yet willing to trust you with one of mine, without regard to Scruples, the weak Pretence of an effeminate Soul. The King loves me, and in all probability will love me long, yet notwithstanding this Advantage, I offer you the Pleasure of an Intrigue, easie " and without Danger, since his blind Passion, and in-

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“ tire Confidence is our mutual Pledge of Safety. Be-
 “ sides, what can you hope from your Sentiments for
 “ *Blanche*? Do you expect to triumph in the Disco-
 “ very of mine, without affording Ease to the wild
 “ Wishes of my tempestuous Soul? ----- No, Sir, the
 “ Flames that warm my Heart must soon be quench’d,
 “ or burst with Vehemence, on you, on *Blanche*, on
 “ all that may oppose my Happiness. Dread them,
 “ *Frederic*----and e’er you speak my Doom, consider
 “ what I am, what I have already done, and what I
 “ yet can do.

The Prince was so lost in Thought, that *Maria*
 might, if she pleas’d, have talk’d till Dooms-Day with-
 out Interruption. But, recovering himself, *I own*,
Madam, (said he) *I did compose a few Love-Verses,*
which you have answer’d by an Oracle. But why
will you attribute them to any particular Cause, when
they have none other but my Inclination for Poetry?
Besides, could you imagine me so void of Reason, if I
really was in Love with the Queen, to hazard the
Knowledge of my Passion? I own the Discovery of
your Sentiments for me, join’d to the prodigious Charms
you are Mistress of, might easily tempt one less ambi-
tious than myself; but the Respect I owe my King---
 “ Base and ungrateful Man (interrupted *Maria*) with
 “ how much Ease, what Pleasure could you renounce
 “ that tame, that forc’d Respect, were *Blanche* to be
 “ the Recompence. I love you to my Cost; I cannot
 “ bear your Scorn,----and the Queen’s Fate depends on
 “ your Resolve.

Maria would not wait for a Reply, and left him to
 his own Thoughts. A few Days after *Don Pedro*,
 attended with his Concubine, set out for *Toledo*.

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* *Don John Miguez de Prado*, with several other Grandees of *Spain*, boldly represented to him the ill Consequences of his too frequent Absence from those Places where his Stay was so necessary; but their Remonstrances unhappily cost them their Lives, being soon after assassinated by the Command of that inhuman Monster.

Frederic, frighted at *Maria's* late Threats, follow'd the King in his Journey to *Toledo*; which outward Mark of Complaisance, tho' she rightly judg'd an Effect of Precaution, was yet exceedingly agreeable to her. The Queen, whom Reason, Virtue and Duty all defended against the Power of Love, was not sorry for his Absence: His two Brothers, who hop'd it might be a Means of curing him, saw him go with Pleasure; and in short, he was the only Person that suffer'd from this Constraint upon his Inclinations.

† Soon after their Arrival at *Toledo*, *Lognez*, King of *Granada*, driven from his own Kingdom, fled there for Refuge. But *Don Pedro*, without regard to the Sacred Laws of Heaven, of Nations, and the Rites of Hospitality, barbarously slew him with his own Hand, exposing himself by this unparallel'd Inhumanity, to the Hatred of his own Subjects, and the just Abhorrence of all the rest of the World.

In the mean time, *Frederic's* cold Civility did not at all satisfy *Maria*, whose Passion was now rais'd to all the Height of raging Madness and Distraction, instead of improving those few Moments of Liberty, which *Don Pedro* sometimes gave him, Hunting and Solitude were all his Occupations; and *Maria*, wild with un-
sated Love, with Tenderness abus'd, and reproach'd

P 2

him

* Mariana. † Ibid. La Roche's Hist. of Spain.

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him with his Sighs and Melancholy, as so many Injuries offer'd to her Passion.

“ *Frederic* (said she to him one Day) how much
 “ longer have you resolv'd I should bear with your In-
 “ difference, and tamely sit under the Soul-distracting
 “ Pangs of fruitless Wishes, and unsatiated Desire.
 “ Could you but pry into the deep Recesses of my
 “ Heart, and view the Conflict of my tortur'd Soul
 “ 'twixt Love, and the Resentment of a slighted Pas-
 “ sion, perhaps you'd fear that Power you seem to scorn.
 “ Oh! *Frederic*, I am all on Fire---the restless, ago-
 “ nizing Tortures of the damn'd are poor to what I
 “ suffer---the fierce contending Passions of Despair,
 “ Rage, Jealousy and Indignation, tear my proud
 “ haughty Soul with vast unutterable Anguish---and the
 “ least Moment of Delay to still this raging Tempest
 “ in my Breast, brings down inevitable Destruction on
 “ thy Head---on *Blanche*---the King---myself---all
 “ *Spain* shall feel the Effects of my Resentment---
 “ and Children yet unborn curse that obdurate, proud,
 “ insensible, whose fatal stupid Scorn of proffer'd
 “ Charms gave Birth to so much Desolation.

Happily for *Frederic*, the King interrupted the Se-
 quel of a Conversation out of which he knew not well
 how to extricate himself. The wild Emotions of *Ma-
 ria's* Soul were too apparent in her Looks, to escape the
 quick sighted *Don Pedro*. He took notice of them,
 and judging they had some uncommon hidden Cause,
 which perhaps arose from *Frederic*, Your late Neglect
 (said he to the Prince) of those honourable Employ-
 ments my Goodness has conferr'd on you, is as unpar-
 donable as your Insolence in daring even to look on
 what I deign to love. Be gone, and return to Valla-
 dolid, but strip'd of every Title but that you were born
 with!

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with! " I'll not only go to *Valladolid* (reply'd the Prince, fir'd with a noble generous Rage) " but even " to the utmost Limits of the Earth, to flye from Tyranny and Tyrants ". With these Words he left the Room, and but for *Maria*, his Life had been the Forfeit of his Indignation. However, the Mastership of the Order of St. *Jago* was taken from him, and given to *Garcia de Padilla*, *Maria's* Brother, tho' he was married; and that it was never before disposed of but to such as were single.

In the mean time the haughty Concubine, not able to support the Absence of her beloved *Frederic*, turned her Resentment against the Cause of it. *Don Pedro*, unused to such insolent Airs, left her at *Toledo*, and set out for *Cuellar*. 'Twas at this Place he saw *Diego de Hara's* beautiful Widow, *Juana de Castro*; her Youth and Charms, joined to his late Quarrel with *Maria*, had no Difficulty of making an entire Conquest over a Prince already too much devoted to his Passions; but meeting with unexpected Resistance from the fair Widow, he purchased his Happiness by an Action worthy himself; *Sancho Davila*, and *John de Salamanca*, two hireling Prelates, the Confidents of his Crimes, without the least Pretence or Permission from the Pope, cassated his Marriage with *Blanche*; and *Hymen's* sacred Knot being thus unty'd by those subaltern Ministers of the Ecclesiastick Empire, the King was publicly married to *Juana*, to whom the glaring Outside of a Crown concealed the Precipice into which she was fallen.

The News of this fresh Injustice soon reach'd the whole Kingdom, and increased the general Indignation. *Maria*, stung to the Soul at this open Defiance to her, resolved not to be the Victim of this new Passion. If

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Frederic had set the least Value upon her Favours, she had been willingly prodigal of them ; but sensible to what Excess he despis'd them, she repair'd to *Cuellar*, when she was least expected ; and *Juana de Castro* had scarce time to enjoy her new Dignity of Queen, e'er that dangerous Rival came to dispute her the Possession of *Don Pedro*. Her Eyes were arm'd with a thousand different Charms, her Soul with all the Artifice of Woman. Instead of flying out into Invectives and Reproach, as the King expected, deep Sighs and thrilling Tears, the dumb prevailing Rhetorick of Love, were all the Arguments she used to speak the Anguish of her Heart for his Inconstancy. Unable to resist their Force, the weak, credulous King, regardless of his late Engagement, flew like Lightning to her Arms. *Maria* improving this Opportunity, would not suffer him to leave her till she had again lured him to her deceitful Embraces, and there charm'd him to a perfect Oblivion of *Donna Juana*, who seeing herself thus shamefully abandon'd, in the Bloom of Youth and Beauty, retir'd to a Convent at *Duegnas*, where she was deliver'd of a Boy, afterwards called *John*. But *Maria's* late Triumph could not remove the Pangs she felt at *Frederic's* Scorn of her Passion. Rage, Pride and Indignation combated in her Soul against the more prevailing Power of Love---but all subsisted to that resistless Tyrant : *Frederic* on his Part, regardless of his own Disgrace, was only incens'd at the King's late Injustice to *Blanche* ; and his Resentment urging him to Vengeance on that execrable Monster, he joined himself to several illustrious Malecontents, among whom was *Don Alphonso de Albuquerque*, who, notwithstanding the Greatness and Number of his Services, was now also disgrac'd, and took up Arms in the Defence of the Right and Liberty

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of an injur'd People. *Don Tello* had drawn a considerable Number of Forces from *Biscay*; *Frederic* and *Don Henry* had gather'd some from other Places; and there were few Persons of any Note, but what openly declar'd themselves against the detested Tyrant.

Blanche's Presence at *Valladolid*, whose Virtue had endear'd her to the People, and the Remembrance of her late Disgrace fomented the general Dissatisfaction. The Queen-Mother, unable to put Limits to her Son's Excesses, satisfied herself with sighing over them in private. But *Don Pedro*, to whom *Maria* had discovered *Frederic's* Sentiments for *Blanche*, imagining, that notwithstanding the War, he might find an Opportunity of seeing her, caused her to be brought from *Valladolid* to *Toledo*, where he would not wait her Arrival, tho' he only destin'd her a Prison for a Retreat. *Frederic* inform'd of this, and fearing for the Queen's Life, march'd directly towards *Toledo*, without regard to the Consequences that might arise from this Rashness, where he arriv'd at the same time with *Blanche*, who had staid a few Days at *Arevalo*. His Soldiers, by his Direction immediately fell upon and dispersed the Detachment that had been sent for *Blanche*, who thinking this Commotion an Effect of the Peoples Pity, endeavour'd by Signs to express her Gratitude, desiring them not to hazard the King's Resentment, by a Rebellion that could not free her from his Tyranny. The Queen, in this Confusion, had not at first distinguish'd any body; but how great was her Surprise and Grief, when she perceived *Frederic* at the Head of all the rest, and *Frederic* whom she imagin'd at so great a distance. The Sight of that unhappy Prince, and the Danger she foresaw him expos'd to, fill'd her with such Disorder, that she fell in the Arms of *Sylvia* without Sense or Motion.

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Her Attendants immediately caused her to be taken out of the Coach, and carried to the next House; where by the strength of Remedies she at length recover'd. *Frederic*, unable to resist the powerful Impulse of his Passion, had followed the Queen; and the discreet *Sylvia*, who was no Stranger to their mutual Sentiments, had prudently removed all those Persons that were suspicious, under pretence of giving the Queen Air. *Frederic* kneeling was the first Object that presented itself to *Blanche* after her Recovery, and drew the Tears in her fair Eyes. " Oh! Prince, (said she) what could induce you to this rash Attempt, and what can you seek from one so wretched as myself? "----*To fall with Honour, Madam*, (interrupted *Frederic*) *or free you from a detested Tyrant's Power. Oh, Blanche! are Chains and Prisons the Reward of Virtue? and is the horrid Due of Criminals the just Desert of Innocence and Beauty!* " Tis not those Chains or Prisons that I fear; (reply'd the Queen) of all my Cares they are the least----but, Sir, for Heaven's sake I conjure you not to press me further----haste from a Place where you cannot stay without Danger, or with Innocence; and leave the unhappy *Blanche* to Heaven and herself". *Inhumane Queen* (interrupted the Prince) *does my Presence fill you with Horrour! and am I guilty to behold you thus.* " Oh, *Frederic!* (reply'd the Queen with Passion) " tax not my Heart with Cruelty, but lay the Blame on the stern Will of Reason and Virtue. Once more, I conjure you, leave me----I must not, cannot, dare not see you longer----the Tyrant-Laws of Duty must be heard-----Go, Prince, where Honour calls----preserve with Care a Life so needful to your Country, and when you think on *Blanche*, afford one pitying Sigh to her Remembrance.

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“ brance. *Yes, Madam,* (return’d *Frederic*, with an Emotion that had something fatal in it) *your Will shall be obey’d---I’ll go, and far from Toledo drag the Remnants of a detested Life, that cannot long survive its Load of Misery.* “ Oh, Prince ! (interrupted the Queen) “ why will you threaten an unhappy Wretch, “ who thinks not of her own Danger, but trembles at “ the Thoughts of yours. Live, *Frederic*, and be “ happy ; consider that you are sprung from an illustri- “ ous Blood, which, tho’ sullied by *Don Pedro*, in “ you appears with greater Lustre---and that on yours “ depend the Lives of Millions: Farewell for ever— “ there’s something tells me I shall never see you “ more—and would to Heaven I never had.

The Queen would not pursue a Conversation which had already too plainly discover’d her Weakness ; but shewing herself to the People, she retir’d into the Cathedral Church, as a Refuge from *Don Pedro* and *Maria’s* Attempts, and the despairing *Frederic*, having seen the last of her, left *Toledo* with unimaginable Anguish, and as much Reluctance as fleeting Souls, when they depart their pale expiring Bodies. But how great was the King’s and his Concubine’s Rage at the News of what had pass’d. *Frederic* had seen the Queen, excited a Commotion among the People ; and these were Crimes without Remission. The unhappy City of *Toledo*, tho’ innocent of all this, felt the barbarous Effects of their Fury, and soon after saw a general Massacre of those who had express’d the least Pity for the Queen, without Respect to Dignity, Age or Innocence: The Sacred Majesty of those Altars, to which she had fled for Refuge, were basely violated by impious Villains, who acknowledging neither humane nor Divine Laws, drag’d the unhappy *Blanche* from her Sanctuary, and

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carried

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carried her to *Medina Sydonia*, where, without Respect to her Dignity, she was confin'd in the Castle.

Don Henry and *Don Tello*, who with a sympathizing Sorrow pitied *Frederic's* Despair, and were justly exasperated at the Tyrant's unlimited Barbarities, resolved to put a speedy and effectual Stop to them. To which purpose, *Henry* leaving the Care of their domestick common Interests to his two Brothers, repair'd to *France* to demand Vengeance of the House of *Bourbon* for the Injuries done to the unhappy Victim of their Policy. But this bold Step, without frightening *Don Pedro*, gave a greater Edge to his Cruelty; and *Maria*, from an excessive Love fell into an excessive Hatred, and began to meditate on the Means of sacrificing *Frederic* and the Queen to her Resentment.

The first Step she took towards the Execution of her bloody Purpose, was to perswade the King that *Blanche de Bourbon* privately corresponded with the three Princes, and that 'twas at her Desire that *Don Henry* had undertaken his Voyage to *France*. The credulous King with Pleasure came into an Opinion that seem'd to justify his Aversion to *Blanche*, and even perswaded himself that she had favour'd *Frederic's* Passion: Joining therefore Artifice to Strength, he easily found Means of sacrificing a Prince who took little Care of his Person, and whom the Desire of freeing the Queen from tyrannic Power, always kept in Action; in short, the tender generous *Frederic* was privately dispatch'd by Assassins hir'd for that Purpose. Tho' Life was grown a Burthen to him, yet to preserve it from so inglorious an End, he did what the most extraordinary Courage could do on such an Occasion; but at length, falling under the Number of his Assassins, he died with the Regret of leaving the Queen expos'd to the same Fate.

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A few Days after his Brother *Don Tello*, *Juana de Lara*, *Isabel* her Sister, and *Leonora*, the King of *Arragon's* Widow, and *Don Pedro's* Aunt, by this inhuman Monster's Order, met with the same unhappy End.

Blanche de Bourbon, Prisoner at *Medina Sydonia*, employed the hapless Hours of her Captivity in preparing her Constancy to the most horrid Effects of *Don Pedro's* Resentment. She reflected with Tenderness and Sorrow on those dear illustrious Friends she had left in *France*, to come in Quest of Woe in a Foreign Country; her Thoughts dwelt with Wonder on the strange Malice of her Stars, that seem'd to have harden'd the King's Heart against her Beauty, Youth and Virtue; and she concluded, that since he had been insensible to so many Charms, her Death was inevitable. Her pure un sullied Soul submitted with a pious Resignation to the Decrees of Divine Providence, and ne'er o'er leap'd, in any immoderate Complaints or Grief, the Bounds of Patience, Reason and Religion. But if her Virtue triumph'd over her Afflictions and hard Fate, she could not however surmount a secret Inclination, that with resistless Force had taken Possession of her Heart; she was young, a Woman, and consequently susceptible of Weakness; *Frederic*, spite of herself, had pleased her, and she was but too sensible to what Excess he lov'd her. Sometimes a flattering Hope would tell her, that he alone was worthy of her Possession, which the next Minute she condemned as injurious to her Virtue, and it vanish'd as soon as born.

While *Frederic* liv'd, Reason and Duty oppos'd the Progress of her Passion, and she strove with all her Power to forget him; but when she heard of his Death, and the moving Circumstances that attended it, she

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gave free Scope to the impetuous Emotions of her Soul.
 “ *Frederic* is then no more ! (said she) that tender ge-
 “ nerous Prince is fallen at length a Sacrifice to Tyran-
 “ ny. Just Heaven (continued she, raising her weeping
 “ Eyes) “ I do not, will not, tax you with Injustice, but
 “ suffer me to weep a Prince so worthy all my Tears.
 “ Oh, *Pedro* ! Oh, *Maria* ! how much longer will ye
 “ triumph with Impunity o’er your detested execrable
 “ Crimes ? Alas ! if *Frederic*’s virtuous Soul could have
 “ sympathiz’d with Vice, or taken to his Arms pol-
 “ luted lawless Love,----perhaps he’d yet been living---
 “ but how ?---to dwell with Slaughter, Tyranny and
 “ Vice ? No, Prince, (pursued she with Passion) enjoy
 “ that blest eternal Happiness, which all the Malice of
 “ Mankind can never now deprive thee of ; and if, a-
 “ midst the never-fading Glory that surrounds thee, thou
 “ yet preservest some faint Remembrance of poor suf-
 “ fering Wretches here below, look down on the un-
 “ happy *Blanche*, and offer thy most fervent Vows to
 “ that Almighty Power that took thee to himself, to
 “ free me also from my insupportable Load of Misery.

After this first Transport of Grief had had its free
 Course, she appear’d something more compos’d. However,
 her Sufferings were not of long Duration, and *Maria*, yet
 unsated with Blood and Cruelty, soon contributed to
 their Ease, by a Dose of Poison, mix’d in something
 that was brought to her Table. The Princess no sooner
 felt the Poison begin to work, but an unusual Gaiety
 shone thro’ the livid Paleness of her Cheeks ; the Hopes
 of her approaching Deliverance softning the Sharpness
 of her Pains. The inconsolable *Sylvia* had in vain Re-
 course to the most powerful Remedies : The Queen
 took something to please her ; but, sensible of the Na-
 ture of her Distemper, by the violent Torments she suf-
 fer’d

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fer'd in her Body, her next Care was to resign her poor
unfullied Soul into the Hands of her Creator. " Cease,
" *Sylvia*, (said she to that trusty Maid, who gave a
thousand Marks of her Distraction) " cease to afflict
" thyself; but rather join with me, and bless the Hand
" of Providence, for this most welcome Succour; how-
" ever terrible be the Approach of Death, 'tis also
" preferable to a Life so full of Woe and Misery as
" mine. Go, *Sylvia*, return to *France*, and from the
" House of *Bourbon* receive the just Reward of thy
" Fidelity. Do not incense my Friends against *Don*
" *Pedro*, the Stings and Terrors of a troubled Consci-
" ence will be sufficient Punishment for him---Revenge
" is Heaven's----and Innocence is inconsistent with in-
" flexible Resentment. Assure the Queen and the
" Duke my Brother, that to the last Moments of my
" Life I have preserved a Sister's Tendernefs for them,
" and that my dying Breath conjur'd some Share in
" their Remembrance. Do not thou forget me, *Sylvia*,
" and when a Tear or two may fall to the Memory of
" the wretched *Blanche*---then, *Sylvia*,---pity my un-
" happy Fate, and render my Example terrible to Vir-
" gins of my Rank. Farewell,---receive my last Em-
" brace---'tis all the Recompence I now can give thee--
" Oh! *Frederic*, I come---receive me in the Mansions
" of the bless'd---Once more---my dearest *Sylvia*, fare-
" well---thou hast been Witness of my Conduct---'tis
" true, I lov'd---but Heaven well knows the Purity of
" my Soul, and in those Sentiments I die". These
were her last Words; a Moment after she expir'd, and
by her Death gave Posterity a greater Reason than ever
it had before, of detesting the Memory of *Don Pedro*.
The News of *Blanche's* unhappy Catastrophe, justly
fill'd all *Europe* with Wonder, but the Court of *France*
with

with universal Sorrow. *Sylvia*, after having seen her Mistress's Body decently interr'd, return'd to her native Country, where she loudly publish'd *Don Pedro's* Enormities. The King and Queen of *France* express'd a sincere Grief for their Sister's undeserved Calamities, but *Peter* Duke of *Bourbon*, giving an unbounded Loose to the Impulse of a just Resentment and Affliction, swore the Destruction of a Monster that had so inhumanely deprived *Spain* of its greatest Ornament, and joining himself with the famous *Bertrand de Guis- celin*, and several other brave *Frenchmen*, to the equally afflicted *Don Henry*, they wag'd a long and bloody War against *Don Pedro*. There were few Sovereigns in *Europe*, but what readily declared for them; and those whom Reasons of State would not permit publickly to espouse their Cause, favour'd them, however, by under-hand Assistance.

The curs'd *Maria* died of a Fever, a better Death by far than she deserv'd. The King, distracted at the Loss of this worthy Partner of his Crimes, to legitimate the Children they had had, pretended he had married her; but these Testimonies of her Virtue were very suspicious, and did not at all render her Memory the more venerable or dear to his Subjects.

Don Henry's generous Attempts to free them from the unjust Oppression of a Tyrant, met with deserved Success. *Don Pedro*, after a long Resistance, at length perish'd. Prince *Henry*, tho' natural Son to King *Alphonso*, ascended the Throne of *Castille* amidst the Shouts and Acclamations of his People, over whom he reigned a considerable Time with exemplary Justice, Mildness and Prudence, and after his Decease the Crown devolved to his Posterity.



M A R O Z I A

under several P O P E S.



O V E never meets with invincible Barriers; with impetuous Force he overthrows all Obstacles, and when he pleases, conquers the most elevated Conditions of Life; Age, Philosophy, Reason, the most consummate Prudence, and exact Precautions, all subside to his superiour Power: His Darts pierce the Hero's Armour; the sad Recluse, whom Locks and Grates immure, too often owns his Influence, and quits her promis'd Heaven above, for one below; Love penetrates the Hermit's Cell; the plotting Statesman's Closet; and the Mitre itself cannot screen its Wearer's Heart against a Tyrant, who dares even to attack it under the Churches sacred Purple.

One would imagine that all the Avenues to the Vatican should be closely guarded against the least Appearances of Gallantry, and yet, as in other Places, we find it amidst the Holy Water, and the Sacred Torches; there Pride, Ambition, Artifice and Coquetry rule with unbounded Sway, and he who thinks he has a Right of forgiving all, cannot believe but his own Power is unlimited.

'Tis

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'Tis not with any Design of aspersing the Memory Popes, by forg'd or exaggerated Calumnies, that some of their Foibles are here brought to Light, what Account soever may be given of them, the Reader may depend on as true, being such as the most impartial and authentick Historians of those Times have transmitted to Posterity: But, after all, these Men, these Popes, these supreme Chiefs of the Church, are not Angels, nor does that vast Authority, which to their Power subjects Monarchs and their Kingdoms, divest them of humane Frailty.

MAROZIA, the Heroine of the following History, play'd so extraordinary a Part upon the Stage of *Rome*, that but for the concurring Testimonies of several eminent Historians, it would appear incredible to Posterity. A confus'd Heap of Crimes, such, as few, or, I may venture to say, no Age ever parallell'd, has render'd her Memory infamously glorious; never did Dissolution, Vice or Luxury equal hers, she was one of those publick Stars, which indifferently shone on all Mankind, having from her Mother's Breast imbib'd the Art of rendering herself superlatively vile and infamous.

Theodora, a Roman Courtezan, gave her Birth under the Auspices of Impurity, tho' of distinguish'd Quality herself, and afterwards married her to *Adelbert* Marquis of *Tuscany*.

The Prince had remained Widower of *Bertha*, who in her first Marriage of Count *Thibault*, gave him a Son called *Hugh*. *Guy* was her only Offspring by *Adelbert*, and *Alberic* derived his Birth from the Marquis and *Marozia*, 'twas now she confirmed what her Inclinations, even from Infancy addicted to Coquetry, had
all

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all along seem'd to portend ; for while *Adelbert* was wholly taken up with weighty Business of State, she generally gave Loose to her natural Love of Variety, and clandestinely carry'd on an adulterous Commerce with one *Sergius*, by whom she afterwards had a Son call'd *John*.

This *Sergius*, tho' he was yet but a Deacon, was, by *Marozia's* Means, elected Pope, who purchas'd the Votes and Suffrages of the Conclave at the Expence of her most secret Favours : But, however, meeting with great Difficulties in his Promotion to the Holy See, he fled to *France*, and obtained Succours from *Charles the Simple* ; which soon open'd him all Avenues to the Apostolick Throne. 'Tis true, that *Marozia's* Ascendant over her Husband's Will was not a little serviceable on this Occasion to her Lover, who depos'd * *Christopher*, and unjustly usurped his Dignity, reigning with unparallell'd Tyranny over Souls and Bodies, and practising such monstrous Barbarities, as astonish'd and shock'd the whole Universe. In short, the Papal Throne, which this cruel Monster fill'd, became the Asylum of the most flagitious Villainies and infamous Crimes.

† In this State of Independance, his Malice and ill Qualities openly manifested themselves ; and from this proud Summit of humane Grandure, he gave the strongest Proofs of his Affection to *Merozia*. *Adelbert* died. The shameless Widow, to enjoy all the deceas'd's Fortune, was soon after, with the Consent of *Sergius*, marry'd to *Guy*, her late Husband's Son by *Bertha* ; and the Pontiff ever look'd on this incestuous Match as sufficiently lawful, since contracted under the Shadow of his Power.

* Baronius, A. C. 907.

† Ibid.

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Young Prince *Alberic*, who, far from having any of his Mother's Defects, justly detested those he observed in her, could not breathe the same Air without Grief: He was perfectly well made, and truly virtuous. Tho' in an Age where our Country's the least Interest at Heart, the Pride and Insolence of *Sergius*, who prompted by *Marozia*, reigned with unexampled Tyranny, fill'd him with generous Indignation; and therefore, colouring the Necessity of a long Absence under a pretended Desire of visiting several Foreign Courts, he travell'd thro' a great Part of *Europe*, while his imperious Mother lorded it o'er her stupid Husband, the Pope, the Church, and *Rome* itself, displaying in the Castle of St. *Angelo*, which she had inherited by *Adelbert*, all the Luxury and Profusion that could satisfy her immoderate Pride.

After having visited several Places, which could not at all divert his Melancholy, *Alberic* resolved to make some stay at the Court of *Hugh*, King of *Italy*, Son to Count *Thibault* and *Bertha*, and Brother to *Guy*, *Marozia*'s present Husband: *Hugh* was now a Widower, and had an only Daughter nam'd *Alda*. This Princess was reckon'd the greatest Beauty of the Age she liv'd in, and her Virtue and other good Qualities were no way inferiour to those prodigious Charms she held of Nature: Her Father was passionately fond of her, his Subjects ador'd her, but *Alberic* at sight of her lost his Darling Liberty, and his hitherto unconquer'd Heart soon confess'd Sentiments of a much fiercer Nature than either.

The young Prince's Merit was alone sufficient to recommend him; but his Affinity with *Hugh* was another greater Advantage on his Side, tho' the Cause of it fill'd him with inexpressible Confusion.

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The King of *Italy* received him with all possible Demonstrations of sincere Joy and Friendship; a sumptuous Apartment was order'd for him in the Palace: Balls, Plays and Festivals solemniz'd the Arrival of this illustrious Guest; each revolving Day produced some new Gallantry; and in short, nothing was omitted which was thought capable of rendering his stay at *Arles* agreeable. But amidst all these Pleasures, the young Prince could not lose his first Inquietudes, but also began to feel some of a severer Nature. *Alda*, beautiful beyond Thought, shone like a radiant Star; *Irene*, Daughter to *Mathilda*, the King's Sister, had been brought up with the Princess, and divided with her all the Advantages of Birth, and every thing else, without the least Distinction.

Prince *Alberic* was come to *Arles* with all the necessary Dispositions to Love. Since he had attain'd to Years of Discretion, Sorrow and Confusion had been his whole Employment. If he look'd on *Theodora*, the odious Memory of her past Life was a Stain which an Eternity of Ages could never efface, he could not reflect on *Adelbert* without condemning in him that Credulity and Weakness which had given so much Power to *Marozia*; and when he consider'd that Princess, his Thoughts presented him with a confus'd Heap of Defects and Crimes, without the least Spark of Virtue.

Alda, the fair deserving *Alda*, in the Prime of Youth and Beauty, dissipated these mournful Ideas. Love, the sworn Foe to Melancholy, the gay, the smiling God, soon fill'd his Breast with Agitations of a different sort, and inspiring him at once with tender Wishes; and a Desire of pleasing forc'd him to shake off the wonted gloomy Habit of his Soul, and dress his Looks

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in Smiles and Gaiety. In short, *Alberic*, who had all the Requisites to please, soon found the Way to *Alda's* Heart. Conscious of their mutual Worth, with secret Joy they both indulg'd their Passion. If the Princess paid an exact Observation to the Decorum of her Sex, the Prince neglected not those Liberties which his own allowed him, and in such lively Colours painted his Excess of Love, that *Alda* thought the Picture too agreeable to reject. A tender Union of Hearts followed this Simpathy of Sentiments: *Irene* was made the Confident of their Amour, and *Hugh*, who perceiv'd it, was so far from opposing, that he even strove to encourage its Progress.

In the mean time, *Marozia* continued to lord it over the Church and State of *Rome* with absolute Sovereignty. The weak, effeminate *Guy*, besotted by her Artifice, look'd on his Marriage with his Father's Wife as warrantable before God and Man, while the infamous *Sergius* debas'd the Dignity of his high Station by the most vile Excesses of Debauch. The Castle of *St. Angelo* was a continual Scene of the most horrid Crimes, and *Rome* even disgorg'd with Dissolution. *John*, the despicable Fruit of *Sergius* and *Marozia's* adulterous Commerce, was educated and brought up with all imaginable Care. His wicked Mother, seeing to what stupendous Height Ecclesiastical Dignities raised Men in that Age of Darknes, and prompted by Motives very contrary to Piety, had already destin'd him a Pastor of the Church, being resolved to leave no Stone unturn'd to render the Papal Throne hereditary to the Posterity of *Sergius*; and as *Guy* was a mere Shadow, distinguish'd only by Reflexion, Slave to the Pope, *Marozia*, and his own Indolence, she found it no difficult Matter to succeed in her Designs, and lay a sure Foundation for her Son's future Fortune.

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Alberic, very different in Temper and Inclinations, had little or no Share in his Mother's Affection, and one may say, he was only owing to her for the Life she gave him; she had even often attempted to corrupt his Virtue, but failing in her Design, she felt an Increase of Hatred for him. *Sergius* sometimes strove to conceal the Deformity of his Actions, and Horror of his Life, under affected Shews of Devotion and Charity. * By him was the now famous Church of *St. John de Latran* (from whom the present Pope derives his Title of Patriarch) repair'd and beautify'd; by his Order Candles were carried on the Day of Purification, and several other superstitious Ceremonies put in use, worthy a Person of his Indolence, who little car'd to edify the truly Pious by his Example, provided he could please the Bigots.

During the Time that *Alberic* lov'd and was belov'd at the King of *Italy's* Court, *Guy* and *Marozia* acted widely different from each other; the first was making great Preparations for a War which he had no mind to go to, while she persecuted all honest Souls at *Rome*. 'Twas thro' her Channel only that Pardons and Benefices were distributed, and these she tax'd at such Prices, as soon amass'd her a considerable Heap of Treasure. The Holy Father, submissive to her Will, was in every Thing guided by her. What Prodigies of Vice, what inconceivable Excesses of Impiety and Dissolution did each revolving Day produce! such as History, tho' full of strange Events, ne'er parallell'd! The well-invented Fables of the Ancients, which lay before our Eyes such monstrous Crimes, are modest in comparison to those which fill'd the Vatican and *Rome*: But Death at length put a Period to their Progress, and the Life
of

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of *Sergius*. * *Anastazius*, *L'Ando*, *John II. Leon VI.* and *Stephen VII.* were chosen successively, and reign'd but a short Time. During their Reigns, *Marozia* took such wise and powerful Measures for the Accomplishment of her Designs, that her darling Son *John*, tho' unqualify'd by Age or Capacity, tho' more than any other unworthy so eminent a Station, was rais'd to the Holy See, wherein he exactly followed his Father's Footsteps, nor deviated in the least from the bright Examples he left him. But this was not the only Turn of Fortune; *Guy*, soon after *John's* Inheritance of *St. Peter's* Patrimony, died also, and left *Marozia* to a full Liberty of seeking new Engagements. As all her Actions were answerable to the natural Boldness of her Temper, and generally not without Cause, she artfully engag'd *Hugh* to come to *Rome*, promising him the quiet and peaceable Possession of that City. Hitherto the King of *Italy* had been thought free from those Vices which render Sovereigns obnoxious to Censure or Hatred; but puff'd up with Hope of governing a City, which once was Mistress of the World, his Virtue sunk under the attracting Power of Ambition, and with his whole Family he took the Road to *Rome*. 'Twas not without extream Repugnance, that *Alberic* followed him to that Mansion of Vice; but Love and *Alda* were resistless.

At their Arrival *Marozia* shook off her affected Sorrow, and received them with the greatest Marks of Joy. Her haughty Soul, unaw'd by Scruples; and harden'd by an unlimited Power, had its particular Designs. *Hugh* was Brother to *Guy*, but *Guy* was Son to *Adelbert*; and she who had not blush'd to marry her Husband's Son, could not perswade herself it was a
Crime

* Du Chesne. Platin,

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Crime to tie the Holy Knot of *Hymen* with two Brothers. 'Twas with this View she had invited *Hugh* to *Rome*; and tho' with Age and Dissolution she had lost all the Charms of her first Beauty, yet having recourse to Art, to remedy this Defect, she appear'd much more agreeable than the new Guests expected.

Marozia however was not forming Projects alone; *Alda's* Charms were too numerous and powerful, not to produce some great Effect; *John* saw her; and, like an erring simple Mortal, fell in Love with her; his so much boasted of Infallibility not being able to skreen his Heart from the Influence of her Beauty. But *Alda*, satisfy'd with the Possession of *Alberic's*, was not in the least ambitious of fresh Conquests, and took so little Interest in the Fire that now plainly appeared in the Pope's Eyes, that she thought him in Love with *Irene*, and banter'd her agreeably about it.

Irene was extremely well made, and did not want for Beauty, tho' it was far inferiour to *Alda's*; her Air was insinuating, her Humour genteel and complaisant, and her Wit quick and lively: With such Charms, 'tis not surprizing that she gain'd several Admirers at *Rome*; but being entirely unambitious of Love, she seem'd regardless of those Conquests she had already made, nor strove to gain others.

" Cousin, (said *Alda* to her one Day, after they had been in Company with the Pope, *Marozia*, and other Persons of the first Rank) " our *Alpian* Snows, I find, " have not so far frozen you, as to prevent your setting " Hearts on fire; and tho' I am assured you brought " no Love with you to *Rome*, yet I see you have inspir'd a great deal already". Who I, Madam, (reply'd *Irene*) indeed you surprize me; if our Arrival at *Rome* has had such Effects as you say, it must certainly

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tainly be the Work of your Eyes, not mine. " Nay, (pursued *Alda* smiling) " 'tis possible I might inspire " Love ; Conquests are not alone reserv'd for such superiour Beauties as *Irene's* ; but here, my Dear, that's " not the Question ; for I would speak of your new " Lover : Don't you see that the Pope is in Love with " you ? Have you not heard the Holy Father's far- " fetch'd Sighs, nor observ'd his languishing Looks ? " Tell me, what Beauty but yours could have produced " such speedy and powerful Effects". *She that has heard and seen what I have not* (returned *Irene*) *and this Pontifical Blaze is a Crime of your own.* " Heaven preserve me from it, (reply'd *Alda*) What shall " I do with such a Lover" ? *And what would you have me do with him,* (answer'd *Irene*) *have I more Occasion for him than you ? And because I have no Alberic, do you think me so far to be pitied, as, whether I will or no, to give me a Pope for an Adorer. Tho' I take little Pains to examine him, 'tis my Opinion, as well as yours, that he's not much better than his Father, and would willingly abandon the Conduct and Guide of Souls, for the Possession of Bodies ; nor is it very surprizing in a Son of Sergius and Marozia ; but this I am sure of, that let who will be the Object of his Love, it must be a sufficient Cause of Grief and Confusion to the Person.* " How ! (pursued *Alda*) does " not that magnificent Mixture of Priesthood and Roy- " alty, that sacred Pomp that surrounds the Pope in all " Places, tempt your Ambition ? Oh ! the Joy, the " Glory of subjecting to one's Empire, the Man that " has sovereign Power over Heaven and Earth ! Indeed, Cousin, (added she, laughing) the least Reward I expect for this important Piece of News, is at " least the half of those Indulgences which his Holiness

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“ nefs will certainly lay at your Feet, a Tribute to your
“ Beauty ; they are good trafficking Commodities, and
“ may either be put to the fame Use as the Holy Fa-
“ ther does, or be given to Friends. *Indeed, Madam,*
(reply'd *Irene* with a very serious Air) *with the Re-*
spect I owe you, I must tell you, you are profane ;
what Work here will be at your next Confession for
your ill-grounded Raillery. “ *Indeed, my Dear,* (re-
turn'd *Alda*) “ I shall confess myself to you several
“ Times, e'er I do once to my Ghostly Father ; and I
“ hope before that to see you Mistress of St. Peter's
“ Keys, as you are absolutely so of his Successor's
“ Heart. *Kind Heaven preserve me from such Power*
(said *Irene*) : *But, Madam, to make a just Applica-*
tion of your ill-grounded Suspicion, stay till the Pope
open his Heart to you, where you will miss of mine,
but find your own Image imprinted. “ Oh, *Irene,*
(cry'd *Alda*) “ your Prediction frights me, and you
“ have too well reveng'd yourself for my Railleries.
I am much deceiv'd if it prove not true, (return'd
Irene) *and am surpriz'd it should have so long escaped*
the clear-sighted Alberic.

At that Instant the Prince came in and interrupted
their Conversation ; but *Irene*, willing to continue it,
resum'd the Discourse, and addressing herself to *Albe-*
ric, Alda, (said she) *will not be convinc'd that you*
have a powerful Rival at Rome, but lays the Fire
she has kindled in the Vatican to my Score. “ That's
“ because she's not so clear-sighted as we, (return'd the
Prince with a Sigh) “ Yes, Madam, I assure you, the
“ Pope is in Love with the Princess, and if not to so
“ great an Excess as *Alberic*, yet his Passion is suffici-
“ ently violent to make us apprehend very dangerous
“ Consequences. *I find* (answer'd the Princess) *that*

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*you side with Irene, on purpose to vex me; but sup-
 posing her Suspicions just, and mine false, I don't
 think it so great a Misfortune, as it need fill you with
 these Apprehensions you seem to be under: The Pope
 is neither my King nor Father. " Ah, Madam, (cry'd
 Alberic) " he's more, much more than that, since he
 " is Son to Sergius and Marozia, and seated on a
 " Throne of Iniquity. There the haughty John secure-
 " ly enjoys a Right which may make him usurp all
 " others, and the Horrors of which reign in our Family,
 " condemn Adelbert's unhappy Posterity to the greatest
 " Misfortunes. Alberic, (reply'd Alda) these Fears,
 and this Despair are unmanly in a Prince, and, if
 indulg'd, may be attended with very bad Consequences,
 since your Inquietudes give me extream Uneasiness;
 therefore I conjure you set yourself above such Appre-
 hensions, for I assure you I am yours, and ever will
 be so. Alberic seeing this Conversation displeased the
 Princess, would not continue it; and turn'd it to another
 Subject.*

In Process of Time, Alda was convinc'd of Irene's
 Penetration: For the Pope was too far gone to continue
 long discreet. Marozia, whom Experience had ren-
 der'd perfectly skill'd in the Mysteries of Love, soon
 discover'd, by her Son's Melancholy, a Truth which
 did not at all surprize her. As Pope John was a liv-
 ing Image of Sergius, he could not but be extremely
 dear to her; and there again Maternal Tendernefs, tho'
 in a criminal Cause, prevailed over Virtue, and made
 her resolve to attempt every Thing in Favour of her
 Son's Repose. She was not ignorant that Alberic was
 in Love with the Princess of Italy, but his Interest was
 far from touching her so nearly as John's; her Soul, su-
 perior to the Scruples of any Kind, earnestly wish'd
 that

that *Alda* would do for the Pope, what she herself had done for *Sergius*: But she knew there was little Appearance that *Alda*, unmarried, would encourage such Liberties as may without Discovery be granted in Wedlock, and judging of others Sentiments by her own, she imagin'd that nothing could be more effectually advantageous to the Pope's Passion, than *Alda's* Marriage with *Alberic*, whom she flatter'd herself could not always continue virtuous, because he was her Son. She was now entire Possessor of *Adelbert's* Fortune, and doubted not but *Alberic* would be blind to every thing else, provided she established his Fortune with *Hugh's* Daughter. She had also drawn from the Holy Father the Secret of his Love, and promised a speedy Relief to his Torment. With this View she appeared extremely fond of *Alda*, and as her Design was to associate *Hugh* a Partner of her Crimes, now *Guy* was dead, one may say he commanded absolutely at *Rome*; a dissimulating and infected Deference of *Marozia's*, which made him taste the Sweets of absolute Dominion, and languish after an uncontroll'd Authority, independant of other Italick Powers. The petty Sovereignties over which he reigned, to his now growing Ambition, appeared despicably mean and inconsiderable; and tho' till then he had loudly inveighed against *Marozia's* Conduct, he began to think it less criminal, since it could conduce to his Interest, and now as loudly applauded it, to facilitate new Advantages to himself.

As to the Pope, he no sooner saw his good commodious Mother turn Pander to his Lust, than his Passion threw off all Restraint, and imagining that *St. Peter's* delegated Keys could as easily introduce him into *Alda's* Heart, as into Heaven, he renounced all Deference

and Respect to give a Loose to his Crimes, as unbounded as his usurped Authority.

The Apostolick Court was, one of the finest Days in *Autumn*, walking in the Gardens of the Castle of *St. Angelo*, which *Marozia* had cultivated with extrem Care and great Expence. The Pope had followed the Court thither, and his Mother thinking he had now a good Opportunity of declaring his Passion, took *Alberic* aside, while the Pontiff accosting *Alda*; "Durst
 " I be so bold, Madam, (said he to the Princess) to
 " call you to Account, for the Quiet you have deprived
 " me of, or ask you to what Use you destine a Heart
 " which I thought exempt from Sufferings, but now
 " find subject to Torments as great as is your Beauty. This unexpected Address so disconcerted *Alda*, that it for some time deprived her of the Power of Speech, but recovering herself, *Your Holiness, who has an indisputable Right to ordain Chastisements or Blessings,* (said she) *is not a little severe to me on that Account, however great be my Faults, in forcing me by that profound Respect I owe you, to suffer a Raillery which I can no way relish.* " Ungenerous Princess, (returned the Pope with Looks full of the Fire that raged within his Breast) "'tis cruel in you thus to equivocate, or evade a just Answer to my Question: Alas!
 " there's too much Truth in what I have said, and the
 " Wounds you have given me must certainly be great,
 " since spight of myself they force me to reveal my
 " Passion. Oh, *Alda*, I love, I rather adore you, and
 " tho' every thing forbids me to hope, yet nothing can
 " decrease my Ardour. In vain to your dangerous
 " Power have I oppos'd the Dignity of my Station:
 " Alas! what good has that poor weak Resistance done
 " me, but to confirm your Victory and my Defect. Slave
 " to

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“ to your Charms, I neglect all Care of Church and
“ State ; unhappy, too unhappy, to want no Power but
“ that of crowning *Alda*, and rendering her as formi-
“ dable as myself : But tho’ you cannot enjoy that Ho-
“ nour, my Crown shall not be the less at your Dispo-
“ sal, and as a Proof of it, here at your Feet I conse-
“ crate the Triple Diadem, and those sovereign Keys
“ which made all Mortals tremble. *Your Holiness*
need not fear (resumed Alda) I shall abuse so glorious
a Sacrifice, or contribute to disfigure in you the vene-
rable Character of Vicar of the Son of God. Your
Keys are entirely to me useless, nor is it among your
Treasure that I intend to seek for Pardon for my
Faults, well knowing that I must one Day give an
Account of them to a superiour Power, before whom
all earthly ones are nothing ; therefore, I conjure your
Holiness to desist from this unpardonable Weakness, and
not give me Cause to lose that Respect which is due to
the Head of the Church. “ That Weakness you speak
“ of (return’d the Pope) is fix’d within my Heart; be-
“ yond the Power of Fate to alter. In vain I would
“ surmount it. But are you born without Pity ? Were
“ you engender’d among the Rocks ? Must a Name,
“ which does me Honour in the World, only serve to
“ increase my Sufferings ? Or the elevated Station to
“ which I am rais’d, be of no other Advantage to me,
“ than to furnish you with Reasons against my Love,
“ and for the Destruction of my Quiet ? Is it possible
(cry’d Alda smiling, tho’ she had a greater mind to
shed Tears) that your Holiness is awake ? Do you
consider that you are talking to a Princess, from
whom not all the Crowns and Riches of the Universe
should extort one Groan or Wish in Prejudice of Vir-
tue or Duty ? and that your Apostolick Power, how-
ever

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ever unlimited, cannot dispense me from what I owe to both---Farewell, Sir, (added she, saluting him with an Air of Haughtiness, that was not usual to her) I leave you to those Angels that should defend your Soul against Temptations; I wish they may succeed: And as for mine I shall take such effectual Care to shut it close against any lawless Love, tho' surrounded with ten thousand Diadems, that it shall not have Power to surprize even the most unguarded Avenues. With these Words she retir'd, and left the Holy Father to meditate on her Resolution, and in the utmost Confusion.

But while the Pope and *Alda* were thus engag'd, *Marozia* had had a long Conversation with her Son; " So, *Alberic*, (said she with an affected Air of Familiarity) " you are in Love with the Princess of *Italy*, " and had I not discovered it myself, I suppose you " would still have kept it secret from me; however, I " am not the less disposed to favour such well-grounded " Sentiments, but am resolved to demand *Alda* of her " Father, and make you Master of all that Estate, " that belongs to yours. Tho' *Alberic* had no Esteem for his Mother, yet, virtuous as he was, he could not but respect that Name. *I did not inform you of my Passion, Madam*, (return'd the Prince) *because I judg'd you would perceive it. To me, I own, the Possession of Alda is preferable to all other Fortunes, and you could not give me a greater Proof of your Goodness, than by procuring me the Means of obtaining it.* " I " doubt not, (reply'd *Marozia*) but *Hugh* will give " you the Preference to any other, and the Pope's Consent you may be sure of. But *Alberic*, when your " Happiness is once fix'd, do not offer to imitate those " capricious Husbands, who would have their Wives " breathe

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“ breathe only for them, and captivate even their most
“ harmless Looks; in a Word, take heed you be not
“ jealous; it would be a perpetual Uneasiness to *Alda*,
“ and the worst of Torments to you: Believe me, *Al-*
“ *beric*, Doubts are the Source of Trouble, and he for
“ ever renounces his Repose and Quiet, who fills his
“ Brain with such fantastick Whims.

This strange and unexpected Admonition, which pre-
sag'd nothing good, threw *Alberic* into the utmost Per-
plexity of Thought; he well knew, that *Marozia* sel-
dom, if ever, made Advances without Design; and the
Precautions she gave him, confirmed the Truth of what
he but before suspected. *I am sufficiently acquainted*
with the Princess of Italy (replied he) *to be assured I*
shall have no Room to observe such a Conduct, nor is
it from Virtue, pure and solid Virtue like hers, that I
need fear the least Cause of Jealousy. “ I am glad
(return'd *Marozia*) “ to find you in such Dispositions;
“ however, remember that what I have told you con-
“ cerns your Quiet, and be assured, I shall do all that
“ lies in my Power for the speedy Accomplishment of
“ your Happiness.

Marozia proved as good as her Word, and spoke
the same Night to *Alda's* Father concerning this Match.
Adelbert had left a very considerable Estate, and his
Rank was sufficiently noble to render the Alliance de-
sirable. *Hugh*, who aspired to raise his Fortune, ima-
gin'd he could not be too nearly related to *Marozia*,
and promised more than she wanted for *Alberic*.

In the mean time *Alberic*, after having left his Mo-
ther, went to the Princess's Apartment, and found her
talking to *Irene* of the Pope's late Declaration. As the
Prince lov'd with uncommon Ardour, Joy sparkled in
his Eyes, and his Heart, agreeably flatter'd by *Maro-*
zia's

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via's Promise, had spread an Air of Gladness o'er his Face, such as *Alda* never before remark'd. "*Alberic*, (said the Princess, fixing her fair Eyes upon him) " is " it the Interest you take in my new Honour, that has " given you this Air of Satisfaction? or are you pleased " with what I just now heard from the amorous Pontiff? *As the Pope was cast in the same Mold as an other Man, and has the same Degrees of Frailty* (reply'd *Alberic* with a Smile) *I own I cannot wonder that his Reason should shipwreck on the dangerous Coast of Beauty, such as yours. But, Madam, my present Joy has a more solid Cause; my Mother has just now assured me, she would obtain the King your Father's Consent to our mutual Happiness, and restore all what was left me by Adelbert?* " Oh! Prince! (cry'd *Alda*) " how dangerously malicious is *Marozia*! " what a subtle Snare has she laid for you! but let us " both be on our Guard: her Designs are certainly " criminal, and her Promises infected. I love you, *Alberic*, and own it without Shame, because I know " you to be worthy my Affection. Heaven's my Witness, I could conceive nor wish no greater Joy, than " to be united for ever with you, under some happier " Climate, where we might be exempt from Danger, " or the Fear of an importunate Pope and an imperious Mother: But were *Hymen's* sacred Knot to join " our Hands and Hearts at *Rome*, soon should I be " exposed to Persecutions, which to resist, would require even supernatural Force and Power. Here the " Pontiff is absolute, and has already reveal'd the Secret of his odious Passion; *Marozia* is but too powerful, and the least virtuous of her Sex; after this, " tho' you are dearer to me than Life, judge whether " this proposed Match ought not rather to be protracted; " ed;

“ ed; and consider, that they would only put us in
 “ Possession of Happiness, to precipitate us afterwards
 “ into the deepest Gulph of Sorrow and Despair”.
How, my Alda, (cry'd the amorous Alberic) could you
have the Power, not to say the Cruelty, of retarding
a Bliss which I pant after with so much Ardour?
 “ Without doubt, I can; (reply'd *Alda*) my present
 “ Condition may, perhaps, be a Curb to the Pope's
 “ Desires: but were it once alter'd, he would give his
 “ Insolence the Rein; and this, I am sure, is *Marozia's*
 “ Design: Yes, were you my Husband, the Mask
 “ would be then thrown off, and I know not whe-
 “ ther even your Life would be in Safety. Oh,
 “ Heavens! I tremble at the Thought! Oh, *Alberic!*
 “ oppose this proffer'd Happiness; 'tis only meant to
 “ blind you, and while Things remain in the same Po-
 “ sition, I must prevail on you to refuse it. *Are you,*
Madam, of the Princess's Opinion, (said *Alberic* to
Irene)? “ Doubtless, (reply'd she) and I know not what
 “ you mean by contradicting it. *I mean to fix a Hap-*
piness, (return'd the Prince) *without which I find it*
impossible for me to live. “ And I assure you, (con-
 tinued *Irene*) “ that you are going the ready way to
 “ lose it, without Hopes of Recovery. For my part,
 “ I am surpriz'd at what I every Day see: Is it possible
 “ that this *John*, this Delegate of Christ on Earth,
 “ should not dread that Hell, wherewith he threatens
 “ so many less Sinners than himself? Is this his Infalli-
 “ bility, this the so much boasted of Prerogative which
 “ Ambition has annex'd to the Holy See, with as little
 “ Reason as Justice? Are the Sentiments the Pope
 “ feels for *Alda* some Divine Inspiration, or the Work
 “ of Corruption? Once, indeed, I thought the Aposto-
 “ lick Palace the Mansion of Sanctity, Prudence, Ju-

“ flice, and fear of God ; but instead of thofe compli-
 “ cated Virtues, which ought to adorn his Crown, who
 “ is appointed Ruler over the vifible Church, I meet
 “ with nothing but Diffolution, Vice, Pride, and Vil-
 “ lainsy triumphant. What is it to the Pope, that Ma-
 “ gazine of Impurity, whether a Woman be ugly or
 “ beautiful ? Was it for a Bastard of *Sergius*, that *Eu-*
 “ *rope* has produced a Wonder ? And has ſhe been
 “ brought up with ſo much Care, to be at length aban-
 “ don’d a Prey to ſuch a Hoard of Vice and Infamy ?
Alda, notwithstanding her Uneafinefs, could not for-
 bear ſmiling at *Irene*’s Ebullition. But *Alberic* figh’d
 at the Thought of it ; and now no longer oppoſing
 Reaſons, which he perceiv’d too well grounded, he en-
 deavoured to eaſe his Agony, by venting fruitleſs Curſes
 on his unlucky Stars.

While they were thus engag’d, *Marozia*, who well
 knew what the Pope wanted, and hated Delays, was
 preſſing *Hugh* to obtain his Daughter’s Conſent to her
 Marriage with *Alberic*. As the King of *Italy* was per-
 ſwaded that they lov’d each other dearly, how great
 was his Surprize to find *Alda* rebellious to his Will !
 “ Would you refuſe to reſign yourſelf to *Alberic* ? (ſaid
 he to her) “ what has he done to you ſince you have
 “ been at *Rome* ? Did you like him better when he was
 “ a Vagabond ? and can he appear leſs agreeable to you
 “ now his Fortune is on the Point of being fix’d. *Al-*
beric can ne’er diſpleaſe me, my Lord, (reply’d *Alda*)
and my Paſſion for him muſt have been great indeed,
ſince you perceived it ; but I aſſure you, it is not ſo
imprudent, as to make me give myſelf blindly away to
him. If ’tis your abſolute Command I ſhould, I muſt
obey : But if you will firſt give me Leave to ſpeak, I
conjure you, Sir, conſider we are at Rome, where
 every

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every thing is corrupted, whose Impiety and crying Sins you yourself have a thousand times condemn'd, and 'tis impossible to meet with any Happiness unmolested, or free from Danger. Every thing coming from you would please me at Arles, where Virtue, free from Tyranny and Oppression, would be a Pledge of Happiness and Peace: But here, my Lord, I see nothing but what frights me, nor whereon I may found some Prospect of Felicity. " You are strangely doubtful (reply'd the King); " but tell me, *Alda*, What Harm " is meant you at Rome? Who are those Enemies you " tremble at? Those I have heard you often despise, Sir, (answer'd the Princess) the Pope and Marozia. " In truth, (pursued *Hugh*) you ill requite their mutual " good Intentions, and I am sorry to find you thus ingrateful: But since you own your Love for *Alberic*, " what Caprice or Whim obliges you to mortify it? " We are so inconsiderable at *Arles*, in comparison to " what we may become in *Italy*, that 'twere the height " of Madness or Stupidity to refuse those Advantages " that are proffer'd us. The Title of King, with so " little Power, fills me with Confusion; and believe " me, Daughter, few Sovereigns will have more, after " you are once married to *Alberic*, and I join'd to *Marozia*! To Marozia, Sir, (cry'd the Princess with Surprise) What would you take to Wife the Widow of *Adelbert* and *Guy*? Oh, Heavens! I shudder at the Thought; Oh, Sir, remember her adulterous Commerce with *Sergius*, and let us bury ourselves in some remote Corner of the Earth, despising these Dignities you are so desirous of, rather than give the World fresh Subjects of Horror and Contempt. " Such Nicety (interrupted *Hugh*) " is seldom found, and, indeed, not fit " for an Age like this. Would you carry your Extra-

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“ vagance farther than your Holy Fathers have their
 “ Knowledge and Prudence? Have they not approved
 “ what has been transacted here? Are you ignorant of
 “ their Infallibility? *Oh, Sir, (mournfully reply'd Al-*
da) give me Leave to tell you, you are not like them
in that Point, since you renounce your Honour, and
even your Reason, to follow curs'd Ambition. Alas!
'tis not Religion that regulates Manners at Rome, but
Manners regulate Religion, and to such an Excess of
Pride and Impiety are the Popes now grown, that all
Divine Laws are entirely neglected or laid aside. Since
when have they a Right of authorizing Incest, or ap-
proving such Deeds, as even Pagans themselves would
blush at? Is this Indulgence an Inspiration of the Di-
vine Spirit? And would God, who is so jealous of his
Glory, take so little Care of it? Besides, my Lord,
allowing the Popes to be the lawful Successors of
St. Peter, did not the Apostle himself fail, and ought
not the Example of his Fall to be a terrible Warning
to those who stand upright? John resembles several of
his Predecessors; true Son of his Father; he would
have me, in the Conduct of my Life, follow Marozia's
Example: This I think is saying enough; I have it
from his own Mouth, and Modesty forbids me to go
farther. “ Should you only go to where I would lead
 “ you, (reply'd *Hugh*) I am sure you would be guilt-
 “ less of any Crime. *Oh 'tis impossible, Sir, (inter-*
rupted the Princess) while you act thro' Marozia's In-
spirations! “ Well, well, (added the King) I'll take
 “ all Faults, and what other Misfortunes may be the
 “ Consequence, upon myself; I shall make use of my
 “ Authority, and I believe, the Violence you will be
 “ put to, of marrying a Man you love, cannot be very
 “ disagreeable”. With these Words he left her; *Alda*
 wept

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wept in *Irene's* Bosom, and saw she was fallen into terrible Hands.

The same Day she received a Visit from the Pope :
“ Well, Madam, (said the Holy Father to the Princess)
“ your Union with Prince *Alberic*, I hear, is nigh at
“ hand, and we shall soon have the Pleasure of seeing
“ you reign in *Italy* ; I say reign, because wherever my
“ Authority extends, your Power shall be unlimited,
“ your absolute Sway over my Heart giving you an in-
“ disputable Right over me and mine. *I so entirely*
despise all Advantages acquir'd without Innocence (re-
ply'd Alda) *that I would flye to the World's End to*
shew my Abhorrence of them. 'Tis true, I may marry
Alberic, for whom I own an Inclination as pure as
his ; but *Italy* shall never see me purchase your Favour
by any shameful Condescension : Therefore I conjure
your Holiness to desist from your lawless Pretensions,
and never--- “ Ungrateful Woman, (interrupted the
Pope) “ are you then resolved to be deaf to Pity-----
“ I own your Eyes, too scrupulously nice, may perhaps
“ find no Charms in my Person---but think you there
“ are none in the unrivall'd Possession of a Heart which
“ the Singularity of my elevated Station renders of no
“ small Value ; and can you have the Barbarity to
“ view, unpitied, languish at your Feet, the only Man
“ who can free you from the Torments of Purgatory,
“ or multiply them thro' Revenge. *If these Threats*
do me no more Harm than they give me Fear, (resum'd
Alda) *they won't prove very formidable to any body ;*
and in my humble Opinion, 'tis sufficient you have the
Power of inflicting Punishment on Earth, without
extending it to another World. But tell me, Sir, did
Heaven intrust you with that Power, for no other
End, than to make it subservient to your brutal Ap-
petite ? Can the infallible Guide of Souls on Earth,
e'er

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e'er answer to the all-knowing Heaven, his attempting to seduce a Woman to the abominable Sin of Adultery?
 " Hold, Madam, (interrupted the Pontiff something exasperated at the Truth of her Reproach) " don't
 " you know, that what is criminal in Men of the com-
 " mon Sort, with me is but a Trifle; that you may
 " favour my Addresses in all Security of Conscience,
 " and that you cannot continue inexorable, and thereby
 " make me unhappy, without hazarding your Salva-
 " tion". The amorous Pope, to render his worthy
 Morals the more perswasive, attempted to catch her in
 his Arms, but *Alda* flying from him with Indignation
 -----*Monster, (she cry'd) whose Soul is black and hor-
 rid as thy Doctrine, flye from my just Wrath, and in
 a Flood of Holy Water strive to quench your Flames;
 if, as you say, it has the Power of extinguishing Fire,
 of expelling Devils, and fixing the Thunder! Is it pos-
 sible that the Vicar of God, the Master of Kings, the
 Head of the Church, the Turnkey of Heaven, the in-
 fallible Guide, the Director of Purgatory, the Dis-
 penser of Kingdoms, the Treasurer of Indulgences, the
 Source, the Emperor of Pardons, and he, in short,
 who can people Paradise with Saints of either Sex;
 is it possible, I say, that the Holy Pontiff should a-
 bandon the Care of Souls, to preach the infamous Doc-
 trine of Impurity, to speak a Language so foreign
 from the Gospel, and make even Religion subservient
 to his Passions!-----Go, thou Dishonour to St. Peter's
 Chair.-----* " Madam, (interrupted the Pope, swell'd
 with unimaginable Rage) " you forget my Rank,-----
 " but follow the Torrent of your Rage, put my Pati-
 " ence to the Rack----if possible, exhaust it, and teach
 " me to hate you to that superlative Degree I have
 " lov'd----perhaps you may repent it----but *Alberic*,
 " your Darling *Alberic*, shall feel the Weight of my
 " Re-

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"Revenge". *Sergius's* Son with these Words quitted the Room, and immediately after *Alberic* came in. But while *Alda*, with frequent Interruptions of Sighs and Tears, was repeating to him the Pope's Threats, he at his Mother's Feet was deploring the ill Success of his Passion. "Why did she come to *Rome*, (cry'd he, tearing his Hair) "that fatal, cruel Maid? Why did "I see her, and thro' what curs'd Necessity am I "doom'd to bear her Pride? Oh, Madam, if you a-
"bandon me, I am lost; do, act, dispose of every
"Thing, and by my Father's Name, that was so dear
"to you, I adjure you, to make some other Attempt in
"my Behalf.

Marozia, who felt all his Sorrows as severely as himself, solemnly swore to him, she would bring *Alda* to Reason: With this Design, a few Days after, she spoke to the Princess and *Alberic*, both whom she equally threatned; but finding her Son obstinately bent to refuse her Request, as her Power was all mighty in *Rome*, she banish'd him into * *Tuscany*. Soon after she was married to *Hugh* (whom neither her Age nor the past Infamy of her Life could disgust) by an authentic Dispensation from the Holy See, which threw *Alda* into the greatest Extremity imaginable; *Hugh*, as he had desired, reign'd with his infamous Spouse, and shut his Eyes to the Pope's criminal Pretensions on his Daughter. *Alda* suffered from his Addresses all that the most haughty Insolence could dare: Her fair Eyes, whom *Alberic's* Absence had condemn'd to Tears, had now no other Occupation, and *Irene* was her only Comfort. Her Virtue with admirable Constancy resisted all the Pope's Designs on it; but she had at length been oblig'd to yield by Force, if *Alberic* had not privately acted for her and himself too. Leaving *Tuscany*, he came to
Rome

* Baronius,

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Rome incognito, where several illustrious *Romans*, fatigu'd with *Marozia's* Tyranny and *John's* Yoke, gladly espous'd his Cause, and all together form'd a considerable Body, at the Head of which the Prince unexpectedly appear'd, and besieged the Castle of *St. Angelo*, to recover his dear *Alda*, as a Treasure that belong'd only to him. *Hugh* seeing his Resolution, repented, but too late, of having associated himself to *Marozia*, while the Pope foam'd with Rage to see *Alberic* on the point of ravishing his Prey from him. In short, they were obliged to give way to the Torrent; *Alberic's* good Fortune carry'd the Day. *Hugh* sued for Peace, and gave his Daughter to the Prince, without reserving to himself any Right over her, or subjecting her to the least Constraint. *Marozia* thunder'd against him, but he, without regard to her Threats, and tir'd with her repeated Infamies, intirely abandon'd her; and this vain haughty Woman could not, without unspeakable Despair and Rage, behold her Son more powerful and belov'd than herself. *Alberic* took his dear and virtuous *Alda* from *Rome*, accompanied with her affectionate *Irene*, and carried them to a Place of Safety in *Italy*, where the latter was afterwards married to a Prince of that Kingdom. The Pope, at the News of what had happen'd, was like a Man distracted; all *Marozia's* Attempts to remove his Despair proved ineffectual, and he soon after died, inconsolable at the Disappointment of his Hopes. *Marozia* did not long survive him, and Mother and Son died within a short time of each other unlamented by all. *Alberic* and *Alda* were married, and spent the Remainder of their Days in uninterrupted Felicity *.

* Lion of Ostia, Lib. I. Flodoard,

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